
SUPERMAN
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IND
ACTION COMICS
IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO SUPERMAN — BUT IT DOES IN "MR. MXYZTPLK AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP!"


SUPERMAN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
SO YOU'D LIKE AN ALADDIN'S LAMP, COMPLETE WITH GENIE, TO MAKE YOUR WISHES COME TRUE? TSK, TSK! WE HATE TO DISILLUSION YOU, BUT THERE'S NO SUCH THING.' CERTAIN OTHER PEOPLE WERE FOOLED, TOO— UNTIL THAT EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL MISCHIEF-MAKER, MR. MXYZTPLK, VISITED THEM.' WHAT COMES AFTER THAT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO SUPERMAN —AND IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT IT DOESN'T—FOR HIS MIRACULOUS POWERS ARE BADLY NEEDED IN THIS MODERN ARABIAN NIGHTS ADVENTURE OF—"MR. MXYZTPLK and HIS WONDERFUL LAMP!"


IN A RICH SECTION OF METROPOLIS, TWO GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE DISCUSS BUSINESS CONDITIONS...
WE AIN'T PICKED UP A DIME ALL DAY! IT'S NO GOOD TRYIN' TA PANHANDLE DESE MILLIONAIRES, MORTIMER.
YEAH-LET'S MOSEY DOWN TA DA SLUMS WHERE DA HANDOUTS ARE BETTER, SLIM.
ANOTHER VERY BUSY GENTLEMAN OVERHEARS THEIR COMPLAINT AND IS MOVED TO COMPASSION.
CHEE-WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL LIVIN' IN A JOINT LIKE DIS?
EH?... POOR FELLOWS-MY HEART IS TOUCHED! I WILL-TEE-HEE BRING A RAY OF SUNSHINE INTO THEIR LIVES!
WILL YOU DO ME THE HONOR OF BEING MY GUESTS?
HUH? ARE YA KIDDIN'?
CAREFUL, MORTIMER! MAYBE HE WANTS US TA WOIK!
WORK? NO, INDEED! I'M TIRED OF ALL THIS ELEGANCE! I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS OFF MY HANDS.
BUT-
SHUT UP, SLIM! EVEN IF HE'S CRAZY, WE DON'T HAVE TA BE!
GOSH-DIS JUNK IS WOITH A FORTUNE!
IT'S ALL YOURS! IF ANYONE BOTHERS YOU, SHOW HIM THIS PAPER I'M SIGNING.
2
MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, SIRS, WHILE I SEEK CONTENTMENT ELSEWHERE! TEE-HEE.
GOLLY, MISTER-T'ANKS!


LATER, O. WHILOM POTTS, WALL STREET BANKER, COMES HOME TO FIND...
MY WORD— THE FRONT DOOR OPEN— AND IT'S THE SERVANTS' DAY OFF...
AS MR. POTTS VIEWS HIS UNINVITED GUESTS...
DIS IS DA LIFE.!
IT'S OKAY— BUT I DON'T LIKE TA RUSTLE MY OWN GRUB.! LET'S HOCK SOME O' DESE TINGS AN' HIRE A FLOCK O' BUTLERS.'
WHAT-!
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! WHO-?
MORTIMER, WHO IS DIS PAIN-IN-DA-NECK?
A MOOCHER, NO DOUBT.' LET'S GIVE HIM DA BUM'S RUSH.!
MEANWHILE, CLARK KENT HAPPENS TO BE PASSING THE POTTS MANSION...
HO-HUM— NOTHING EVER HAPPENS.!..
HELP! POLICE.!
IT'S O. WHILOM POTTS.' HE SEEMS TO NEED HELP.!
HELP!
A SWIFT CHANGE AND CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN.' THEN...
SUPERMAN.! STOP THEM.!
I GUESS THAT CAN BE MANAGED.!
YIIII.!
WHAM
BAM
3


THEY BROKE INTO MY HOUSE!
HMMM...
IT AIN'T SO! A FUNNY LITTLE GUY GAVE US DA JOINT—AN' HERE'S A PAPER HE SIGNED TA PROVE IT!
OH, OH—SO HE'S BACK AGAIN!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! —MR. MXYZTPLK.
P.S. HA-HA-HA!
IT ISN'T THEIR FAULT, POTTS! THEY'RE VICTIMS OF A PRACTICAL JOKE BY A LITTLE NUISANCE WITH A CRAZY SENSE OF HUMOR!
HE SHOULD BE HORSE-WHIPPED!
CHEE—AND WE T'OUGHT OUR WISHES WUZ COMIN' TRUE!
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU! IDLE WISHES HAVEN'T COME TRUE SINCE THE DAYS OF ALADDIN AND HIS MAGIC LAMP!
OOOO DO TELL!
DAT'S WHAT WE NEED—A MAGIC WISHING LAMP!
OH, NO! AN ALADDIN'S LAMP WOULD CAUSE MORE TROUBLE THAN EVEN I COULD TAKE CARE OF!
TELL ME MORE ABOUT ALADDIN'S LAMP, SUPERMAN!
HEY—! WHY YOU LITTLE FUGITIVE FROM A NIGHTMARE—
4


WHY PICK ON ME? ALL I DID— TEE-HEE!— WAS MAKE THEIR WISHES COME TRUE!
YES—JUST SO YOU COULD ENJOY THEIR EMBARRASSMENT.'
TSK, TSK! DON'T YOU EVER MAKE WISHES, SUPERMAN?
RIGHT NOW I WISH YOU'D EVAPORATE!


THAT I WILL! AIN'T IT SWEET OF ME?
POP
WHAT—?... IF ONLY IT WAS FOR KEEPS!


NOW IT STARTS! THE LITTLE MAN IS HAVING FUN WITH OUR THREE-DIMENSIONAL WORLD—BUT HIS HOAXES ARE DYNAMITE.'


NEXT, WE FIND MR. MXYZTPLK DOING RESEARCH AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY...
SO THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT.' A MAGIC LAMP AND A GENIE! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL IDEA!
QUIET
5


LATER, IN PLANET SQUARE...
AND WHAT A FERTILE FIELD FOR PRACTICE!
MY FEET HURT! IF ONLY I HAD WINGS!
WISH I COULD SLEEP FOR A YEAR!
I'M HUNGRY! I'D LIKE A TON OF FOOD!
KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN

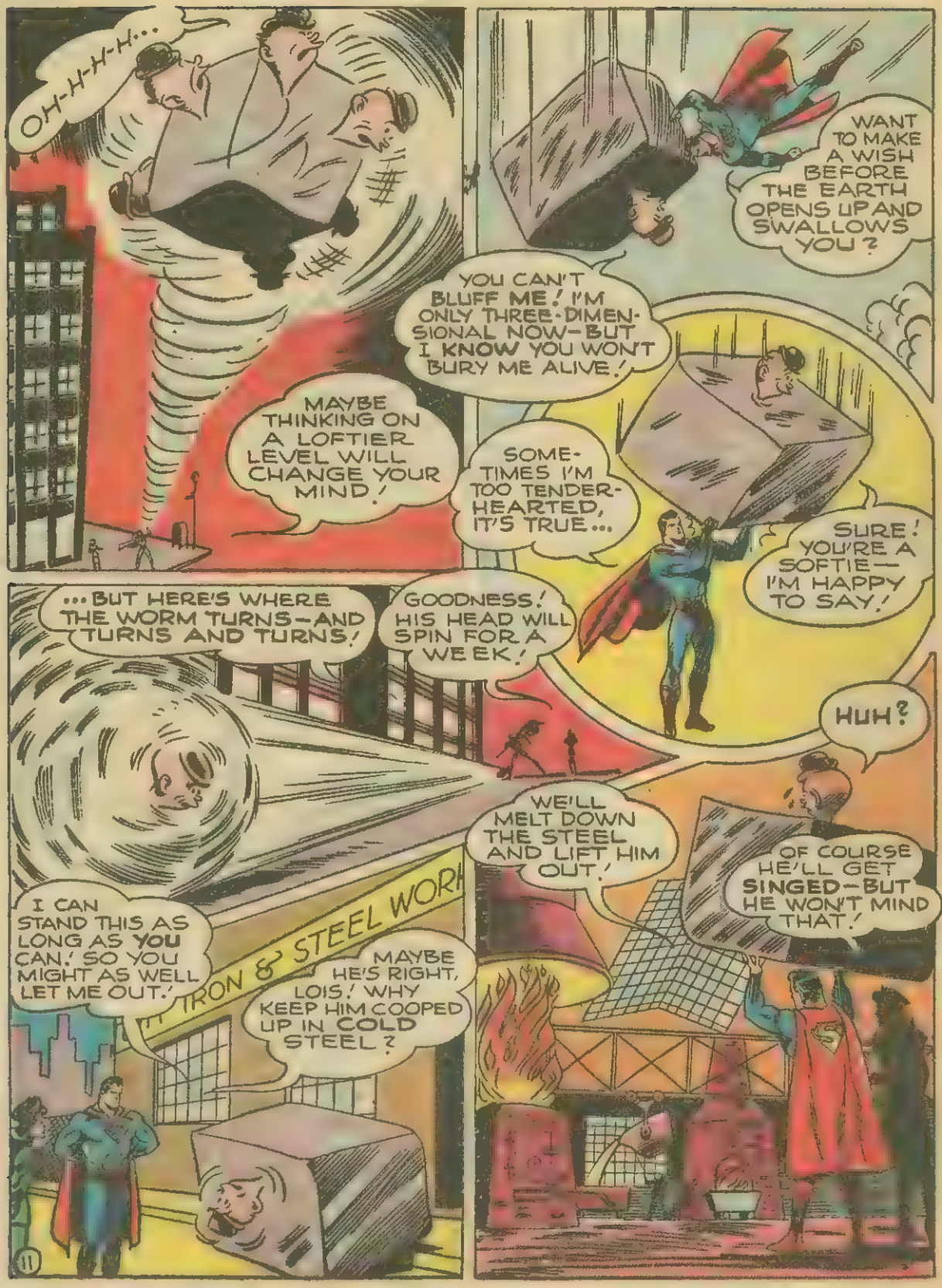

SUDDENLY...
OH-H-H!
TEE-HEE!
HUH-?
PROPERTY OF Aladdin DO NOT TOUCH!
KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN
MUST BE A MOVIE PUBLICITY STUNT!
MOVE ON! YE'RE BLOCKIN' TRAFFIC! BREAK IT UP!
PROPERTY OF Aladdin DO NOT TOUCH!
I'M THE GENIE OF THE LAMP! COMMAND AND I WILL OBEY!
WHERE'S THIS GUY ALADDIN? I'LL RUN HIM IN FOR OBSTRUCTIN' THE SIDEWALK!
PROPERTY OF Aladdin DO NOT TOUCH!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
PROPERTY OF Aladdin DO NOT TOUCH!
LOOK! THE SMOKE-!
AS YOU WISH! POOOFFFF...
LOOK! IT WORKS!
A REAL GENIE! I WONDER IF HE COULD GET ME AN EXCLUSIVE GOWN?
THERE YOU ARE! THE MOST UNUSUAL OUTFIT IN THE WORLD, MADAME!
HORRORS!
HAW, HAW, HAW!


CONVINCED AT LAST, THE CROWD GOES WILD.'
ALL SHALL BE GRANTED!
I WANT A YACHT!
GET ME A FARM!
COVER ME WITH JEWELS!
AND MIRACLE FOLLOWS MIRACLE!
HELP!
LOOK OUT!
I WISHED FOR WINGS— BUT I'M SORRY NOW! TAKE 'EM AWAY!
TAKE 'IM OFF!
HONK BEEP
TWEET TWEET
MEANWHILE, AT THE DAILY PLANET...
LOIS! CLARK! THERE'S A RIOT DOWN IN THE SQUARE! GET MOVING!
OH, OH— I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!
YOU'RE ALWAYS AFRAID OF WORK!
EDITOR
AS THE STAR REPORTERS REACH THE SCENE OF EXCITEMENT...
GOOD GRIEF, CLARK— HE WON'T BE ABLE TO EAT.'
ONLY GOLD—AND IT ISN'T VERY NOURISHING!
OH, OH! I ASKED THE GENIE TO MAKE EVERYTHING I TOUCH TURN TO GOLD—AND IT CAME TRUE!
KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN
7


LOOK! A MAN WITH WINGS!
CRASH
IT'S HIGH TIME SUPERMAN PERFORMED A FEW MIRACLES!
IT'S A FAKE! I'LL BET YOU CAN'T MAKE THE EMPEROR BUILDING FALL!
THAT DOUBTER BELONGS IN A NUT FACTORY!
SUPERMAN—THANK GOODNESS!
AND AS TONS OF STONE AND STEEL FALL TOWARD THE THRONG BELOW...
GREAT SCOTT—LOIS! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
I GRABBED YOU IN MY EXCITEMENT—AND IT'S TOO LATE TO LET GO NOW!
AND ONLY THE MAN OF STEEL'S INCREDIBLE STRENGTH PREVENTS A MIGHTY HOLOCAUST!
HOPE THE PEOPLE INSIDE CAN DODGE THAT FURNITURE!
YOU'LL BE OUT OF MISCHIEF UP HERE WHILE I FINISH MY CHORE!
NO! DON'T LEAVE ME—SUPERMAN..


NICE WORK, OLD BOY! I WAS A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT THAT BUILDING!
I'LL STOP WORRYING WHEN I'VE GOT RID OF YOU!
WHAT-?
TEE-HEE! YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH LUCK PLAYING TAG WITH ME, DO YOU?
BOOM
WANT TO RUN A RACE THROUGH THE FOURTH AND FIFTH DIMENSIONS?
ALL I WANT IS FOR YOU TO CUT OUT THIS MADNESS BEFORE YOU WRECK METROPOLIS!
BUT I CAN'T! THE SEVEN-DIMENSIONAL CAUSE-AND-EFFECT FORCE I'VE SET UP WILL LAST AS LONG AS I STAY HERE—AND I'M HAVING TOO MUCH FUN TO LEAVE!
FUN? ONLY A LUNATIC WOULD CALL IT THAT!
WHY BLAME ME BECAUSE HUMAN BEINGS ARE SO STUPID? I'LL LET ANY OF THEM TRY TO OUT-SMART ME!
IT OUGHT TO BE EASY! I'LL BET MISS LANE CAN DO IT!
FINE! IT'LL BE FUN TO SEE LOIS ALL TANGLED UP IN HER OWN WISHES!
I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH!


WILL YOU MAKE THE WISHES I TELL YOU TO IF I PUT YOU ON TERRA FIRMA AGAIN?
YOU BRUTE! I'VE BEEN SITTING UP HERE WISHING YOU'D GET INDIGESTION!
BUT LOIS AGREES TO DO AS SUPERMAN ASKS. SO...
REMEMBER—I GET THREE WISHES, AND THE POWER TO TAKE ONE OF THEM BACK!
RIGHT! BUT YOU'LL BE STUCK WITH THE OTHER TWO AS LONG AS I STICK AROUND. HA, HA, HA!
FIRST—I WISH YOU TO BE LIMITED TO THREE-DIMENSIONAL POWERS LIKE THE REST OF US!
NO! NO! BUT—BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF, DOGGONE IT!
SECOND—I WISH YOU'D JUMP INTO THAT HOT TAR!
NO! NO! IT'S CRUEL AND INHUMAN! BUT I'VE GOT TO...
UGH! HOW EMBARRASSING!
NOW I WISH THE TAR WOULD TURN TO STEEL!
STILL HAVING TOO MUCH FUN TO THINK OF LEAVING, MXYZTPLK?
NOW I'M MAD! NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, I'LL STICK AROUND, JUST TO BE MEAN!
10


OH-H-H-H...
MAYBE THINKING ON A LOFTIER LEVEL WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME! I'M ONLY THREE-DIMENSIONAL NOW—BUT I KNOW YOU WON'T BURY ME ALIVE!
WANT TO MAKE A WISH BEFORE THE EARTH OPENS UP AND SWALLOWS YOU?
SOMETIMES I'M TOO TENDER-HEARTED, IT'S TRUE...
SURE! YOU'RE A SOFTIE—I'M HAPPY TO SAY!
...BUT HERE'S WHERE THE WORM TURNS—AND TURNS AND TURNS!
GOODNESS! HIS HEAD WILL SPIN FOR A WEEK!
HUH?
WE'LL MELT DOWN THE STEEL AND LIFT HIM OUT!
OF COURSE HE'LL GET SINGED—BUT HE WON'T MIND THAT!
I CAN STAND THIS AS LONG AS YOU CAN! SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL LET ME OUT!
IRON & STEEL WORKS
MAYBE HE'S RIGHT, LOIS! WHY KEEP HIM COOPED UP IN COLD STEEL?
11


YOUR ONLY HOPE IS TO HAVE LOIS TAKE BACK THE WISH MAKING YOU THREE DIMENSIONAL!
OH DEAR! YOU WIN! GIVE ME BACK MY EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL POWERS, AND I'LL SAY THE WORD THAT WILL SEND ME BACK TO THE LAND OF ZRFFF!
OKAY- I TAKE BACK MY FIRST WISH! NOW, LITTLE MAN, GOOD-BYE!
(SNIFF) IT AIN'T FAIR, BUT- (SIGH)- IT OUGHT TO TEACH ME NEVER TO TRUST WOMEN! HERE GOES...
KLPTZYXM!
GIVE MY REGARDS TO ALL YOUR WHACKY FRIENDS!
BUT- TEE-HEE- I DIDN'T PROMISE NOT TO COME BACK SOME DAY!
OH, WELL- SUPERMAN'LL BE ON HAND TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!
POP
MINUTES LATER...
CLARK WALKED OUT ON ME, SO THE STORY'S MINE! GOOD GRIEF! IT'S STARTING ALL OVER!
...YOUR WISH WILL COME TRUE!
...YOU'LL GET THAT RAISE FOR THIS STORY, CLARK!... OH, HELLO, LOIS! BET YOU WISH YOU HAD THIS LAMP FOR A SOUVENIR!
WHAT I WISH, PERRY WHITE, WOULD MAKE YOUR FACE RED!
THE END
12

# "U.S." ROYAL AND HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE

## SAVING THE WARDEN'S DAUGHTER!

DEPUTY SHERIFF "U.S." ROYAL IS AT A MEETING OF THE BIKE CLUB HE SPONSORS IN ELM CITY WHEN SUDDENLY...

LISTEN!

FLASH! BIG CARL HAS ESCAPED IN THE WARDEN'S CAR WITH THE WARDEN'S DAUGHTER AS HOSTAGE. HE'S HEADED FOR ELM CITY!

C'MON, GANG, WE'VE GOT TO STOP BIG CARL AND SAVE THE GIRL!

BUT HOW?

YOU FELLOWS BLOCK OFF THE ROAD... AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME.

LOOK! BIG CARL WON'T STOP! THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH!

HE'LL KILL THE GIRL, TOO!

WATCH "U.S." ROYAL!

SHE'S SAFE... HURRAY FOR "U.S." ROYAL!

WE FELLOWS IN THE BIKE CLUB ARE READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY... AND SO ARE U.S. BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN TREAD! THEY'RE THE FAVORITE WITH OUR GANG AND ALL AMERICA!

NEXT ISSUE: FIGHTING THE FOREST FIRE!

PLASTINO


THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN" GIVES ME FULL CONTROL.

U.S. BIKE TIRES ARE ALL ANY BOY COULD WANT: THEY GIVE YOU LONG MILEAGE, SURE TRACTION AND ON-THE-SPOT STOPS. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN NEVER FAILS. LEAD THE BIKE PACK WITH "U.S."!

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

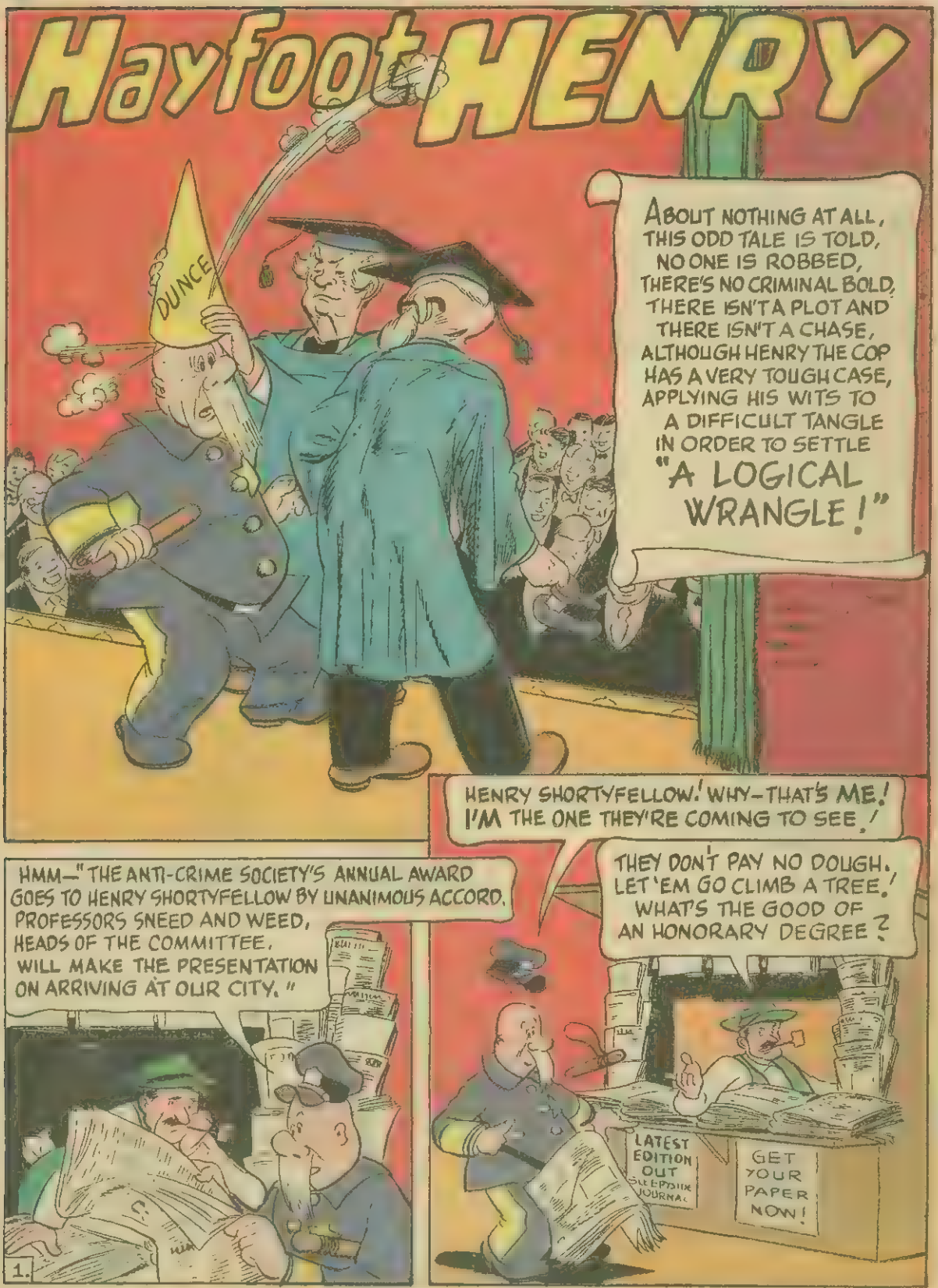
U.S.

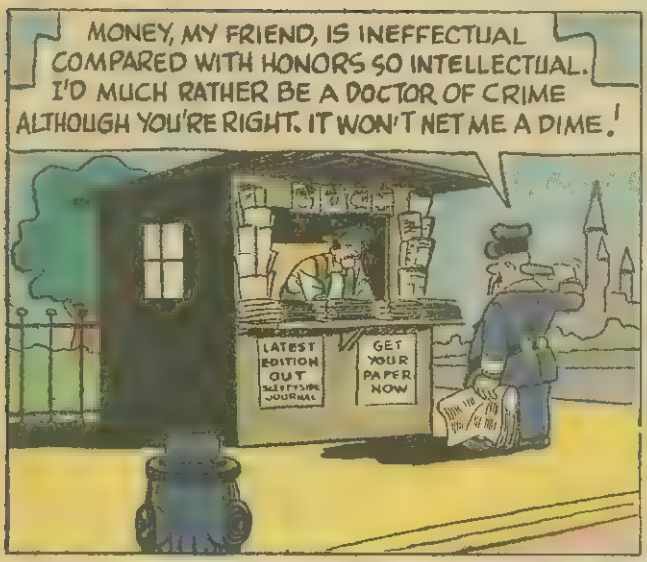
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

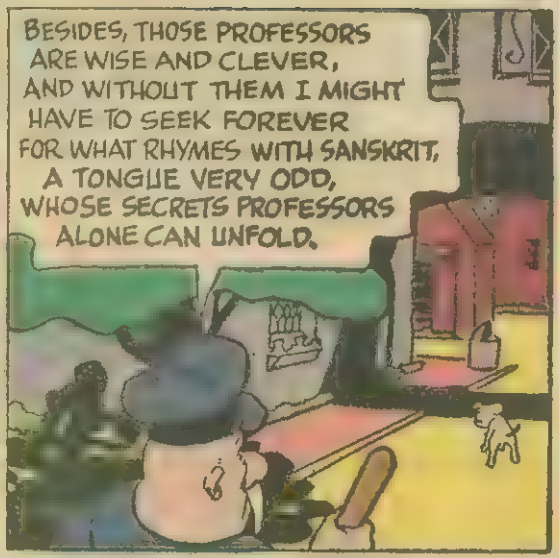
Serving Through Science


I'M GETTING GOOD EXPERIENCE
VAN BUREN
15
IN 1945, HIS SECOND YEAR WITH THE PHILADELPHIA EAGLES, VAN BUREN TOTED THE BALL AN AVERAGE OF 5.8 YARDS PER TRY. HE SET TWO NEW LEAGUE RECORDS--REGISTERING 16 TOUCHDOWNS AND SCORING 110 POINTS
DON'T KICK IT NEAR VAN BUREN
A TOUGH CUSTOMER IN AN OPEN FIELD, VAN BUREN LED THE LEAGUE IN PUNT AND KICKOFF RETURNS. HE HUNG UP THE LONGEST KICKOFF RETURN OF THE SEASON WITH A 98 YARD TOUCHDOWN RUN AGAINST THE NEW YORK GIANTS
"I LIKE A GOOD CEREAL AT BREAKFAST TIME," SAYS CHAMPION STEVE VAN BUREN. "AND MY BIG FAVORITE IS WHEATIES. WHEATIES HAVE A SWELL FLAVOR AND BEING FLAKES OF WHOLE WHEAT, THEY'RE GOOD FOR YOU, TOO. IN MY BOOK, WHEATIES WITH MILK AND FRUIT IS THE PERFECT DISH TO START BREAKFAST"
IT'S ON PAGE ONE
WHEATIES
MY BOOK
I EAT MY WHEATIES
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
WHEATIES
WITH MILK OR CREAM AND FRUIT
"Breakfast of Champions"

# Hayfoot HENRY

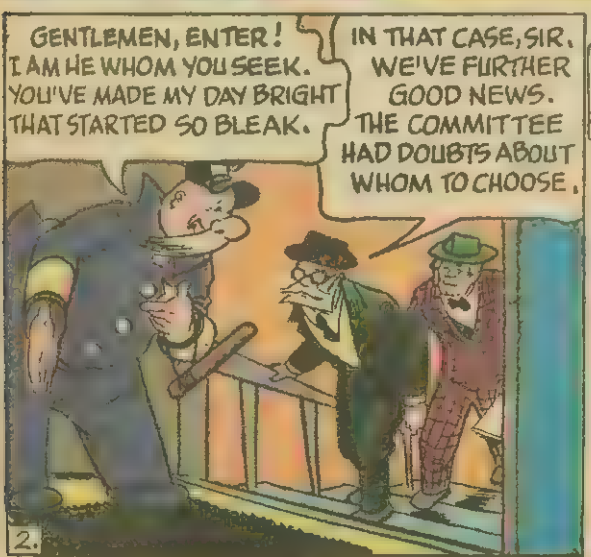


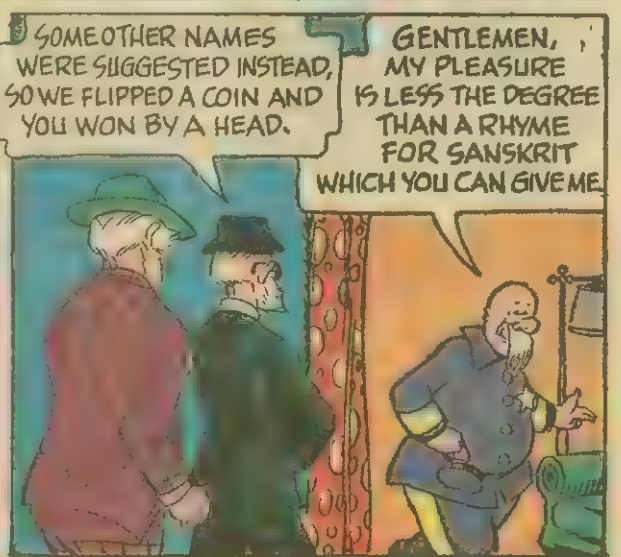

MONEY, MY FRIEND, IS INEFFECTUAL COMPARED WITH HONORS SO INTELLECTUAL. I'D MUCH RATHER BE A DOCTOR OF CRIME ALTHOUGH YOU'RE RIGHT. IT WON'T NET ME A DIME.!
LATEST EDITION OUT
GET YOUR PAPER NOW


BESIDES, THOSE PROFESSORS ARE WISE AND CLEVER, AND WITHOUT THEM I MIGHT HAVE TO SEEK FOREVER FOR WHAT RHYMES WITH SANSKRIT, A TONGUE VERY ODD, WHOSE SECRETS PROFESSORS ALONE CAN UNFOLD.


THOSE MEN ON MY DOOR-STEP- WHO CAN THEY BE? THEY LOOK BEARDED AND WISE—HAVE THEY COME ALREADY?


I BEG YOUR PARDON. BUT IS THIS THE ADDRESS OF- WHAT WAS THAT NAME? -I CAN'T EVEN GUESS.
SHORTYFELLOW, IT WAS, IF I RECALL RIGHT. HE'S WON OUR AWARD FOR OUR ANTI-CRIME FIGHT.

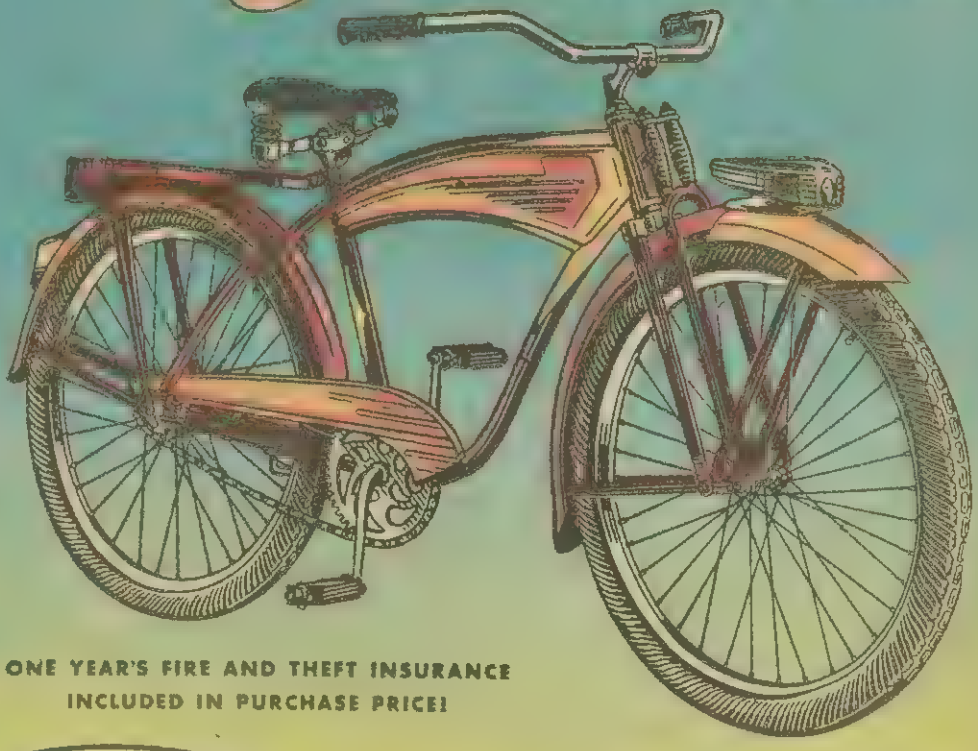

GENTLEMEN, ENTER! I AM HE WHOM YOU SEEK. YOU'VE MADE MY DAY BRIGHT THAT STARTED SO BLEAK.
IN THAT CASE, SIR, WE'VE FURTHER GOOD NEWS. THE COMMITTEE HAD DOUBTS ABOUT WHOM TO CHOOSE.


SOME OTHER NAMES WERE SUGGESTED INSTEAD, SO WE FLIPPED A COIN AND YOU WON BY A HEAD.
GENTLEMEN, MY PLEASURE IS LESS THE DEGREE THAN A RHYME FOR SANSKRIT WHICH YOU CAN GIVE ME.


FOR SANSKRIT, PROFESSOR, HE SEEKS A RHYME. A DIFFICULT ORDER. DO WE HAVE TIME?
I'LL CONSULT MY WATCH. WE MUST MAKE A TRAIN. PERHAPS WE CAN HELP BY STRAINING OUR BRAIN!
WHY, THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! MY WATCH ISN'T HERE! STOLEN FROM MY POCKET AND I HELD IT SO DEAR!
STOLEN? BUT HOW? IT MUST'VE BEEN MISPLACED! YOUR HASTY ACCUSATION IS IN VERY BAD TASTE!
I SAID STOLEN! AND I'VE LOGICAL PROOF! IF I MISPLACED IT, THEN I MUST BE A GOOF! BUT BEING A PROFESSOR, A GOOF I CAN'T BE! SO IT WASN'T MISPLACED! IT WAS STOLEN FROM ME!
MOST PECULIAR LOGIC. IT DOESN'T SOUND QUITE RIGHT! WHY ARE YOU TWO WHISPERING? IT'S REALLY NOT POLITE!
THIS THEFT HAS BEEN COMMITTED BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES, SO THE COMMITTEE'S DECIDED ITS CHOICE WAS UNWISE. WE WITHDRAW OUR AWARD SINCE YOUR RECORD HAS A BLOTCH! AND NOW~ PLEASE GET BUSY AND GET BACK MY WATCH!
JUST A MINUTE! YOU'RE BEING MOST UNFAIR! YOUR WATCH WASN'T STOLEN! IT SIMPLY WASN'T THERE!
A SOPHISTICAL POINT! ITS LOGIC DOESN'T RING! YOU CAN'T CONVINCE US! WE KNOW EVERYTHING!
3.


CAN I BE CRAZY? THEY'VE GIVEN ME A FRIGHT. IF THEY KNOW EVERYTHING, THEN NOTHING CAN BE RIGHT. I SOMEHOW MUST CONVINCE THEM. TO LOGIC THEY'LL LISTEN. HOW CAN I PROVE THAT HIS WATCH CAN'T BE MISSIN'?
EUREKA! I'VE GOT IT! PROFESSORS-HEAR ME OUT!
HE MUST'VE FOUND YOUR WATCH! JUST LISTEN TO HIM SHOUT!
YOU SAY YOUR WATCH IS MISSING, BUT YOU'RE BEING MOST UNFAIR! FOR NOTHING CAN BE MISSING UNLESS IT ISN'T THERE. BUT IF IT ISN'T THERE, THEN A WATCH YOU DON'T POSSESS, SO IT'S LOGICALLY UNSTEALABLE UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS!
YOUR LOGIC'S SO GOOD, IT MAKES ME SUSPICIOUS. BUT MY HAT'S OFF TO YOU. WE'VE BEEN UNJUDICIOUS!
PROFESSOR! YOUR WATCH! IT'S THERE ON YOUR HEAD! IT WASN'T IN YOUR POCKET 'CAUSE YOU PUT IT THERE INSTEAD!
IN THAT CASE, YOUR LOGIC WAS DISHONESTLY GROUNDED, AND WITHDRAWING OUR AWARD WAS AN ACT WELL FOUNDED!
LET 'EM CLIMB A TREE! BECAUSE THEY KNOW SANSKRIT, THEY AIN'T SO SMART. JUST LOOK HOW THEIR PANTS FIT!
SANSKRIT! PANTS FIT! EUREKA! MY RHYME! MY DAY IS SAVED! THIS TRUTH ON MY MIND WILL BE EVER ENGRAVED! DON'T ASSOCIATE WISDOM WITH ALL BEARDED FACES. IT CAN ALSO BE FOUND IN ORDINARY PLACES!
4.

# MONARK Super Deluxe

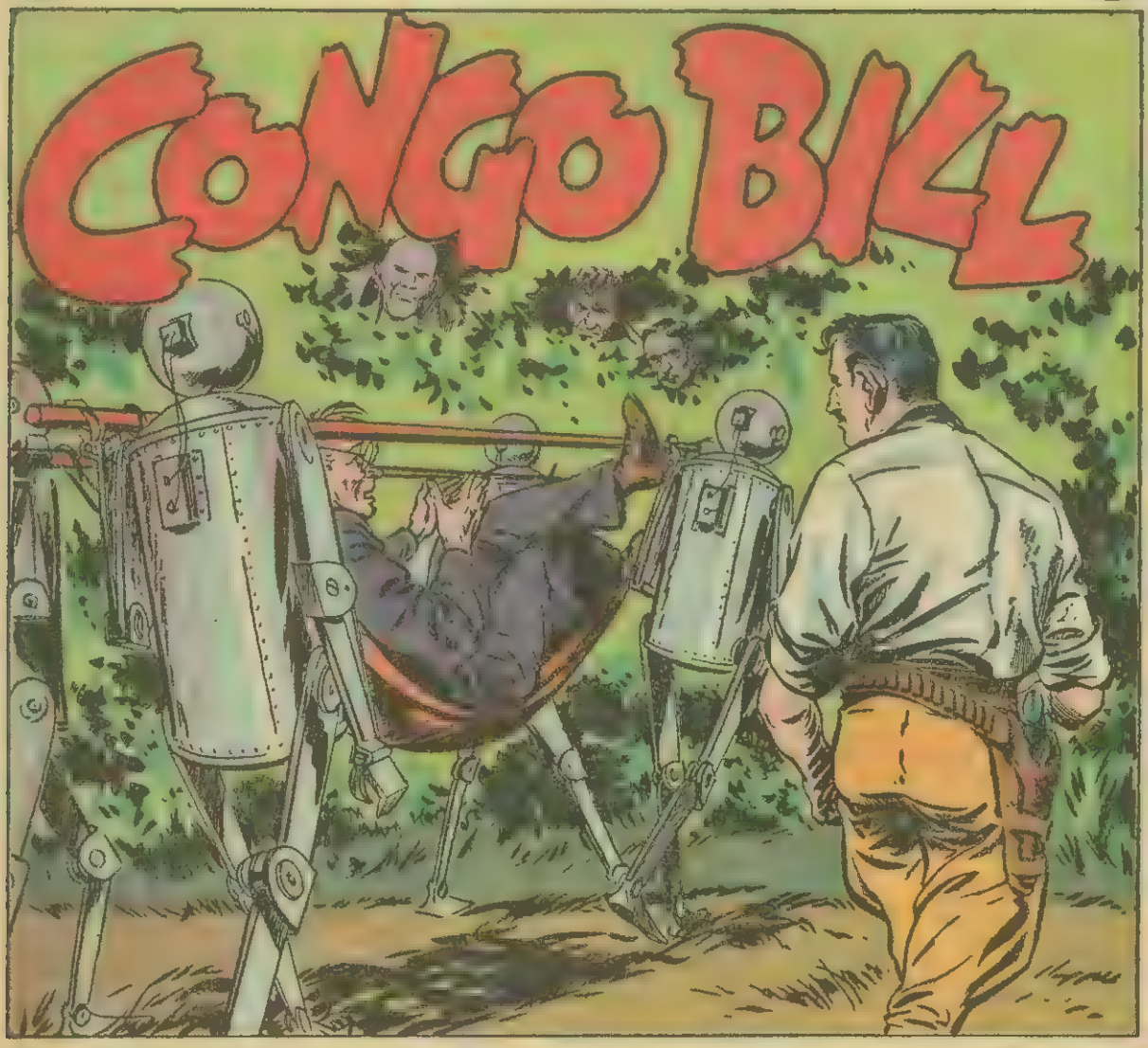


**ONE YEAR'S FIRE AND THEFT INSURANCE INCLUDED IN PURCHASE PRICE!**




WATCH FOR THE NEW 1946 FAMOUS ALUMINUM SILVER KING

MONARK SILVER KING, INC., 6301 W. Dread Ave., Chicago 35, Illinois



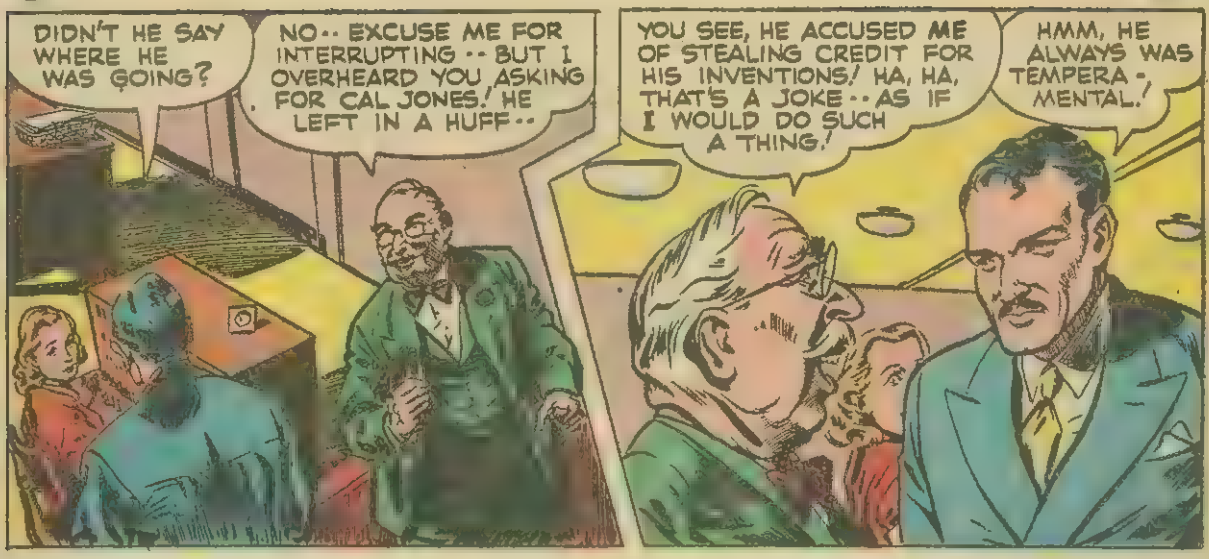

THE LAST PLACE YOU MIGHT THINK OF FINDING A JUNGLE IS RIGHT IN OUR OWN COUNTRY! BUT JUNGLES DO EXIST HERE·· AND CONGO BILL, GLOBE-TROTTING ADVENTURER, IS SOON BATTLING FOR HIS LIFE, WHEN MECHANICAL INVENTIONS FAIL HIM AND DANGER STRIKES IN THE ···

"CONGO, U.S.A.!"

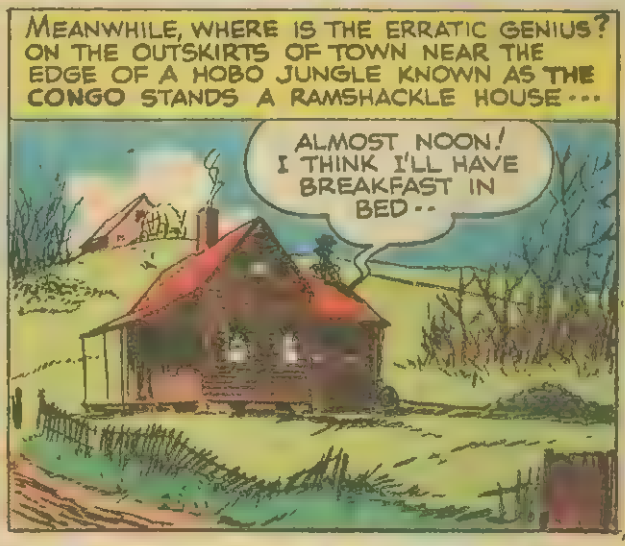
IN CIVILIZED SOCIETY FOR A SHORT STAY, CONGO BILL, WORLD-FAMED ADVENTURER AND MASTER OF JUNGLE LORE, SEEKS AN OLD FRIEND···

I WANT TO SEE CAL JONES·· HE'S CHIEF ENGINEER HERE!

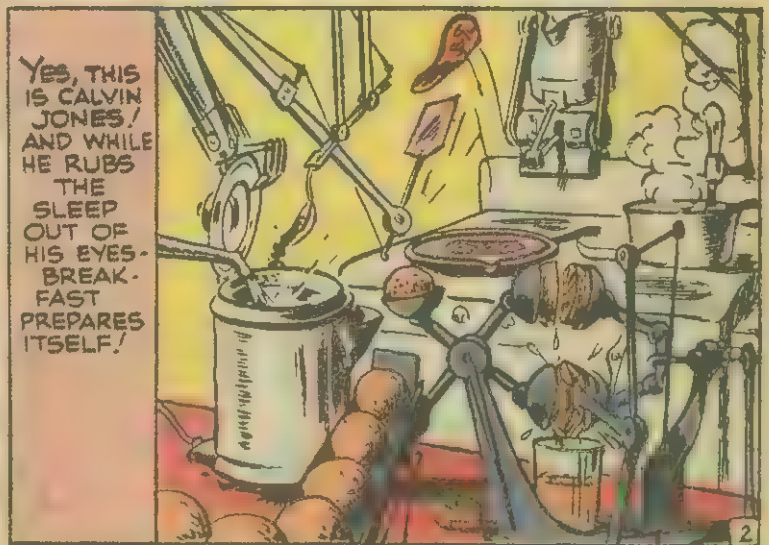
SORRY·· MR. JONES ISN'T WORKING FOR US ANY MORE! HE LEFT MANY MONTHS AGO!

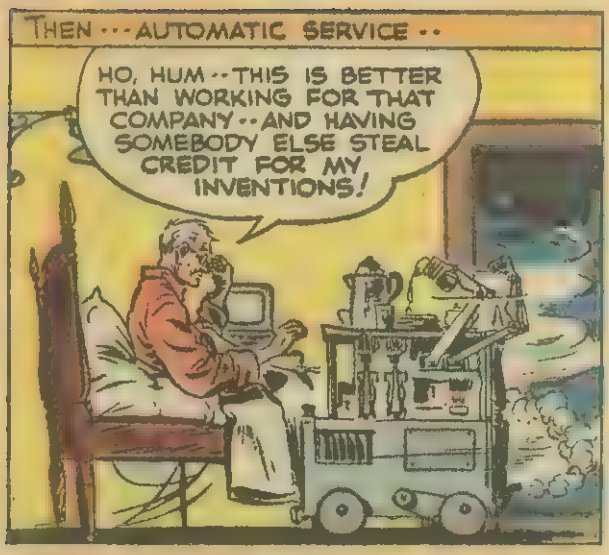

DIDN'T HE SAY WHERE HE WAS GOING?
NO·· EXCUSE ME FOR INTERRUPTING ·· BUT I OVERHEARD YOU ASKING FOR CAL JONES! HE LEFT IN A HUFF··
YOU SEE, HE ACCUSED ME OF STEALING CREDIT FOR HIS INVENTIONS! HA, HA, THAT'S A JOKE ·· AS IF I WOULD DO SUCH A THING!
HMM, HE ALWAYS WAS TEMPERA-MENTAL!

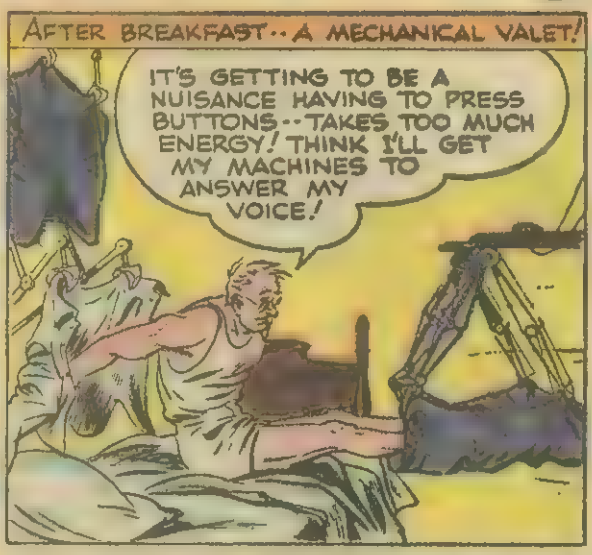

WE NEED HIM BADLY! IF WE COULD ONLY HAVE HIM BACK, WE'D GIVE HIM EVERYTHING! CREDIT, INCREASED SALARY ·· ALL HE COULD ASK FOR!
WELL, IF I SEE HIM, I'LL TELL HIM THAT! THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!

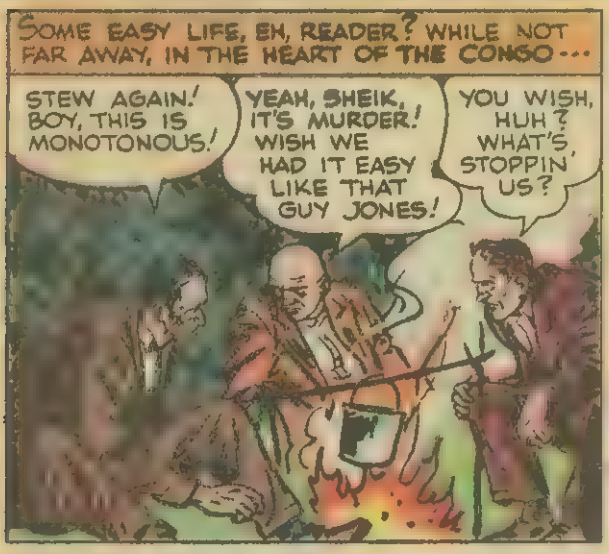

MEANWHILE, WHERE IS THE ERRATIC GENIUS? ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN NEAR THE EDGE OF A HOBO JUNGLE KNOWN AS THE CONGO STANDS A RAMSHACKLE HOUSE···
ALMOST NOON! I THINK I'LL HAVE BREAKFAST IN BED··

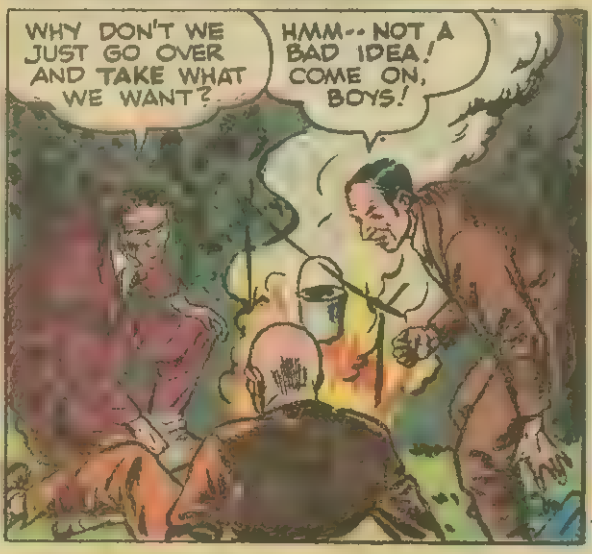

ORANGE JUICE, COFFEE, WHEAT CAKES··

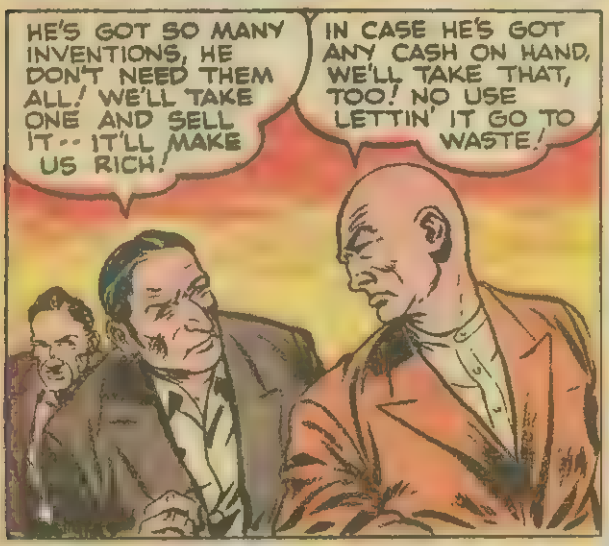

YES, THIS IS CALVIN JONES! AND WHILE HE RUBS THE SLEEP OUT OF HIS EYES· BREAK-FAST PREPARES ITSELF!
2

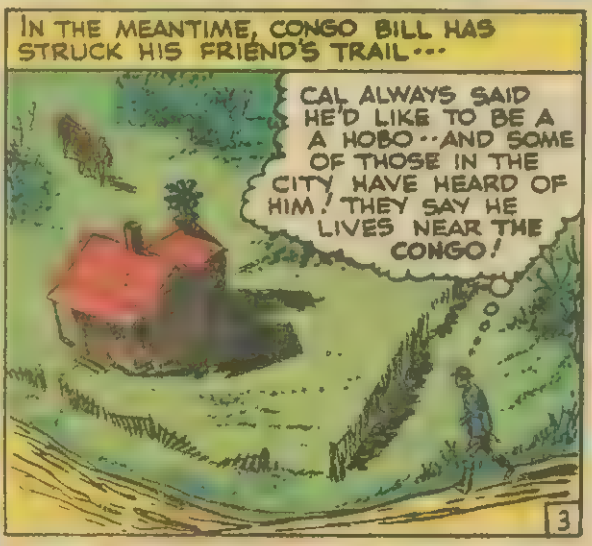

THEN ··· AUTOMATIC SERVICE ··
HO, HUM ·· THIS IS BETTER THAN WORKING FOR THAT COMPANY ·· AND HAVING SOMEBODY ELSE STEAL CREDIT FOR MY INVENTIONS!

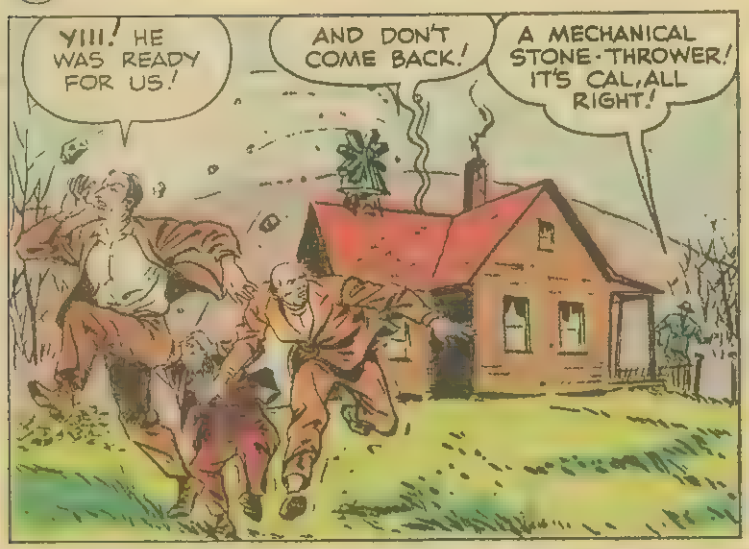

AFTER BREAKFAST ·· A MECHANICAL VALET!
IT'S GETTING TO BE A NUISANCE HAVING TO PRESS BUTTONS ·· TAKES TOO MUCH ENERGY! THINK I'LL GET MY MACHINES TO ANSWER MY VOICE!

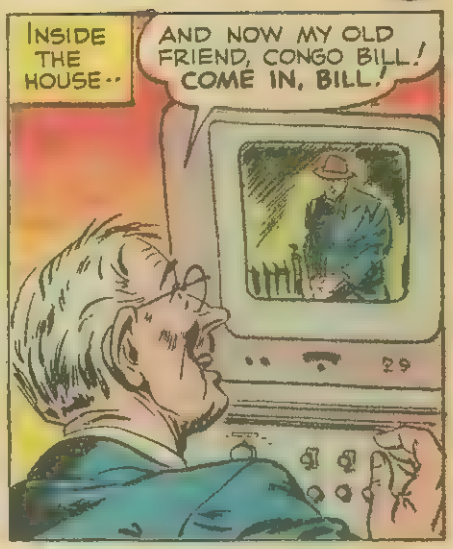

SOME EASY LIFE, EH, READER? WHILE NOT FAR AWAY, IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO ···
STEW AGAIN! BOY, THIS IS MONOTONOUS!
YEAH, SHEIK, IT'S MURDER! WISH WE HAD IT EASY LIKE THAT GUY JONES!
YOU WISH, HUH? WHAT'S STOPPIN' US?


WHY DON'T WE JUST GO OVER AND TAKE WHAT WE WANT?
HMM ·· NOT A BAD IDEA! COME ON, BOYS!

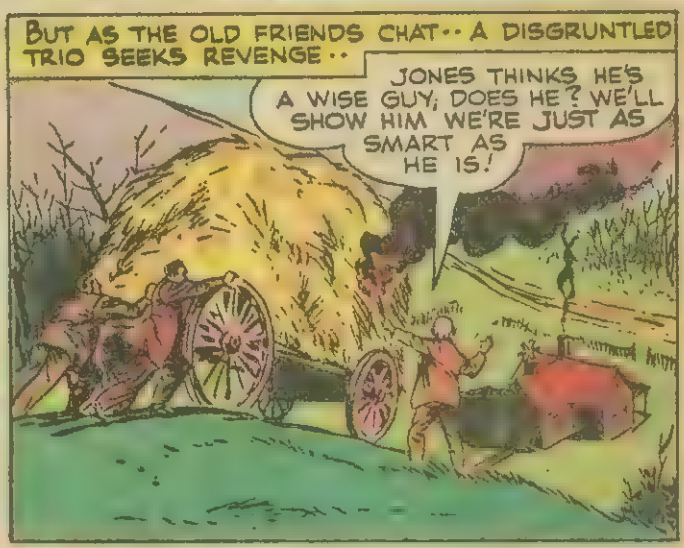

HE'S GOT SO MANY INVENTIONS, HE DON'T NEED THEM ALL! WE'LL TAKE ONE AND SELL IT ·· IT'LL MAKE US RICH!
IN CASE HE'S GOT ANY CASH ON HAND, WE'LL TAKE THAT, TOO! NO USE LETTIN' IT GO TO WASTE!

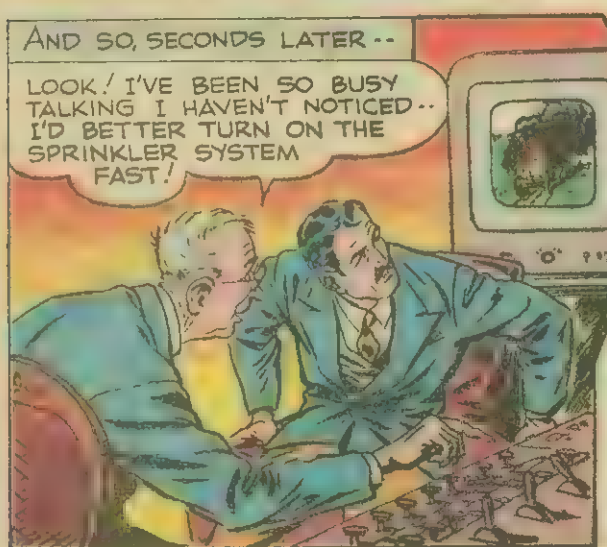

IN THE MEANTIME, CONGO BILL HAS STRUCK HIS FRIEND'S TRAIL ···
CAL ALWAYS SAID HE'D LIKE TO BE A A HOBO ·· AND SOME OF THOSE IN THE CITY HAVE HEARD OF HIM! THEY SAY HE LIVES NEAR THE CONGO!
3


YIII! HE WAS READY FOR US!
AND DON'T COME BACK!
A MECHANICAL STONE-THROWER! IT'S CAL, ALL RIGHT!


INSIDE THE HOUSE--
AND NOW MY OLD FRIEND, CONGO BILL! COME IN, BILL!


SAME OLD GADGETEER!
AND YOU'RE THE SAME OLD BILL! SIT DOWN AND TELL ME WHAT ADVENTURES YOU'VE BEEN HAVING LATELY!


BUT AS THE OLD FRIENDS CHAT-- A DISGRUNTLED TRIO SEEKS REVENGE--
JONES THINKS HE'S A WISE GUY, DOES HE? WE'LL SHOW HIM WE'RE JUST AS SMART AS HE IS!


AND SO, SECONDS LATER--
LOOK! I'VE BEEN SO BUSY TALKING I HAVEN'T NOTICED-- I'D BETTER TURN ON THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM FAST!


HE'S PUTTIN' OUT THE FIRE-- BUT IT'S KEEPIN' HIM SO BUSY HE WON'T EXPECT US!


FOR JUNGLE CREATURES, YOU'RE PRETTY TAME!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF ONE OF THEM··
HAVE A CHAIR·· HA! HA!
OWW!
BUT, AS THE RELEASED CLUB FLIES THROUGH THE AIR··
SMACK!
··AND THE NEXT MOMENT, A DOZEN GADGETS SWING INTO ACTION!
OH-OH! EVERYTHING'S GOING AT ONCE!
AND WHEN THE SOUND AND FURY SUBSIDE.
JONES FELL THROUGH HIS OWN TRAP DOOR·· CONGO BILL GOT HIT BY A FLYIN' CHAIR·· WE'RE LUCKY!
YEAH, LET'S GRAB WHAT WE CAN AND SCRAM! BUT FIRST··
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, RAT·· BUT IF I GRAB YOUR ANKLES···
WATCH HIS HANDS, SHEIK··I SAW THEM MOVE!
5




# SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

## SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

HQWT JWPFTGF CPF HKHVA HQWT AGCTU CIQ, EQNWOIWU FK-UEQXGTGF COGTKEC. YG JQPQT JKU OGOQTA.

SUPERMAN, NOV.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

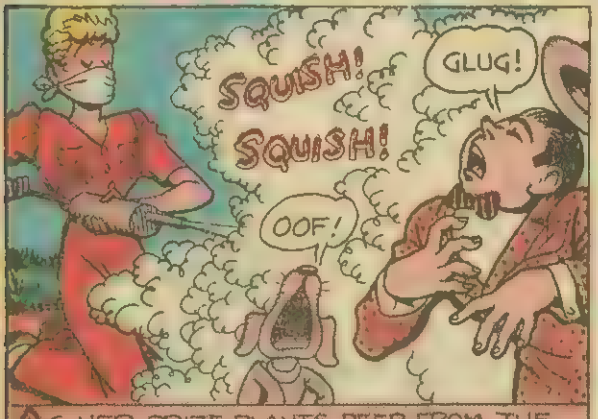
# KAFLOPPOS




WHEN OUR JANE GOES IN FOR A BIG GARDEN, SHE DOES IT IN A BIG WAY. HER SPADE WORK IS HOT DIGGITY!




WATERING SHE DOES SO THOROUGHLY THERE IS LOW TIDE EVERYWHERE ELSE. SHE PLAYS THE HOSE FOR ALL IT'S WORTH.



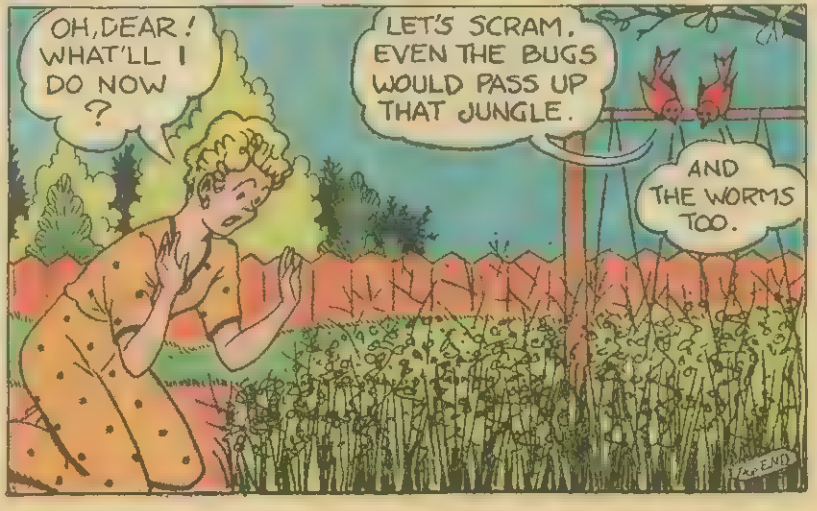

AS HER PRIZE PLANTS PEEP FROM THE LOAM, SHE SPRAYS SO WELL PASSERS-BY ALMOST BECOME "PASSERS-OUT."




BEFORE A BEAN APPEARS, SHE SHOPS FOR HER CANNING EQUIPMENT EARLY--GIVING THE DEALERS A FIELD DAY.

## BUT GOSH!

WHEN IT COMES TO WEEDING -- SHE'S JUST A KAFLOPPO !!



# ROAD INCIDENT

## By BEN BALLARD

THE little man in the dude clothes lay sprawled in the dust in front of the Faro Palace. The hangers-on roared with laughter. Each time the little man tried to rise, Whitey Spade would send more bullets dancing around him. This was great sport! The loafers who frequented the porch of the Faro Palace hadn't had such fun in a long time!

"Give him some more, Whitey!" they chorused as the beefy bully standing on the crude wooden step roared with laughter. The little man clutched frantically at his carpet bag, anxious to protect its precious contents.

Across the street, a slight man wearing a Mexican serape, sat astride a palomino. There was anger in his eyes as he watched the town cut-ups torture the little traveling salesman. He wondered if he should try and stop it. . . .

The question was answered for him a moment later. A youngish man, wearing a clerical collar, suddenly broke through the crowd. Somebody said, "Look out, there, preacher! Want to get shot?"

Parson Jackson, newly arrived in Bordertown, didn't heed the warning. He bent down to help the prostrate salesman to his feet. Bullets danced around him.

"You heerd the boys, Parson!" Whitey Spade bellowed. "Let us have our fun!" He sent another bullet perilously close to the salesman's head. The man screamed, terrified.

Whitey roared again with laughter, raised his gun. But before he could press the trigger, the gun spun from Whitey's hand and there was the sound of a shot from across the street. The bully howled with rage. He reached down to pick up his gun, then turned to glare at the figure in a serape who was coming toward him.

"Drop your gun again, my friend," said the serape-clad man. "Where I come from, we do not shoot at the *padre*." His words were cold, and there was something in his eyes that made Whitey's hand relax on the gun so that it dropped with a soft thud into the dust.

Still eyeing Whitey, the newcomer said to Parson Jackson, "Pick the salesman up, *padre*. And take him to the hotel." He looked contemptuously at the rest of the loafers. "Unless somebody here wants to stop you."

No one, apparently, did. There was something in the stranger's tone that caused them to give pause to any precipitate action.

Also, someone else had come out of the Faro Palace. It was Ace Jackson, the owner. For an instant, his eyes rested on the man in the serape, who returned the stare. There was a flicker of recognition in Ace's eyes, then it was gone. He snapped at Whitey, "Get inside, Whitey."

Grumbling, the bully went in. Parson Jackson looked at the salesman, who was trying to hold his carpet bag together. From it spilled strange objects.

The man in the serape picked one up, eyed it curiously. It was an odd contraption. "What is this?" he asked.

The salesman's voice shook as he answered. "That's my line. I'm a drummer, and those are the galluses I sell. They hold your trousers up."

The swarthy man looked at them curiously, raised an eyebrow at the parson. The latter smiled. "Back East they call them suspenders, too," the parson said. He held out his hand. "Thanks for helping, stranger. And might I ask your name?"

The stranger shook his head. "Names are not needed now, *padre*," he said. "Besides, I am just passing through and you will not see me again."

The salesman was holding a pair of the galluses toward him. "Please take these with my thanks," he said. He turned angry eyes toward the saloon door, behind which Whitey had retreated. "I wish I were big enough to take that bully on!"

Parson Jackson smiled. "You have courage, but I am afraid today will not see another David and Goliath!" He smiled wryly. "Not with so many guns."

"David? Goliath?" The stranger in the serape smiled, showing white teeth. "Oh, I remember —the little man and the giant!" He held out his hand. "Good-bye, *Padre*." Then, to the salesman. "And thank you for the gift. But—how do I put them on?" He held up the galluses.

The salesman's confidence returned as he showed his benefactor how they went on. "But

you'll need buttons on your trousers to fasten them," he said. "Can you get them?"

"Yes. I will see my friend, Charlie Bell. His wife will sew them on." With another nod, he went across to his horse, mounted.

"Nice fellow. Lots of courage," the salesman said.

Parson Jackson spoke softly, "Quintesa Doba has never lacked that!"

For he knew who the stranger was. He had known since the day, a week ago, when Quintesa had ridden into the Bell ranch for a rest. The modern Robin Hood of the Plains was tired.

But now someone else knew, too. Although Quintesa Doba didn't suspect, Ace Jackson, too, had recognized him. And even now the hostile eyes of Whitey Spade followed Quintesa as he rode down the street. Within an hour, both Ace Jackson and Whitey Spade knew where Quintesa Doba was staying. And that he planned to leave on the morrow.

They knew also that Quintesa Doba would never be taken alive. And that the price on his head, dead or alive, was $10,000.

But all that worried Quintesa not a whit, as he delightedly examined his new suspenders that evening. "The first in the West," he told the laughing Charlie Bell and his wife. "I shall wear them for parties." His eyes flashed. "The *senoritas* will love them, no?"

"I'm sure they will, Quintesa," Mrs. Bell said. "But I do wish you didn't have to leave tomorrow."

Quintesa shrugged. "Always Quintesa Doba must keep moving." He laughed. "But now I get the wood for the fire." He wagged a finger at Charlie. "Tomorrow your leg he will be better, and you can collect the wood."

Whistling, he went out into the bright moonlight. The woodpile was near the barn and, as he strolled across, he did not know that two pair of hostile eyes watched him.

"I told you!" Whitey said, "He left his guns in the house!"

Ace Jackson smiled. "Let him have it, Whitey, and make it good." He pulled a mask over his face. "I'll go in and see that Bell and his wife don't give us any trouble."

Whitey Spade took careful aim. But he reckoned without the good fortune that rode on Quintesa Doba's shoulder. For just at that moment the happy highway-man bent down to pick up the wood. The bullet passed over his head, singing as it went.

Quintesa leaped into the shadows. His mind spun like a machine. Trapped! But by whom? He knew his old friend and arch-enemy Marshal Ford wasn't within three hundred miles of Bordertown.

He clenched his fists. His guns were in the house. Should he make a run for it?

Then he heard Whitey's voice. "Come out of there, Quintesa Doba, or I'm coming in to get you! I know you haven't got your guns. And your friends inside the house are covered!" Whitey laughed coarsely. "You're a dead duck, hombre!"

Quintesa breathed easier. At least there were only two of them. He wouldn't need to fight off a posse. Evidently Whitey and pal intended to take him alone.

Another shot. Quintesa's sharp eyes watched the gun flash. He moved behind a protecting tree, then stepped quickly away. The new suspenders caught on something, then snapped sharply onto his chest as he tried to step away. Suddenly, Quintesa smiled and he hurriedly took off the new present of which he was so proud.

He bent down, picked up a stone. He was smiling broadly now. Whitey was coming closer. "Hey," Quintesa said, "you ever hear the story of David and Goliath?"

"What story?" Whitey's voice was cautious.

Instead of replying, Quintesa took careful aim.

The next instant the stone he had fitted into the suspender slingshot smashed into Whitey's forehead. The bully fell like a log, and lay there in the moonlight, unconscious.

Quintesa was on him like a fury. He grabbed Whitey's gun.

It was at that instance that Ace Jackson, grown suspicious, looked out into the moonlit yard. He saw Quintesa coming toward him.

The shot never left his gun. Howling, Jackson fell back with a shattered shoulder as Quintesa fired.

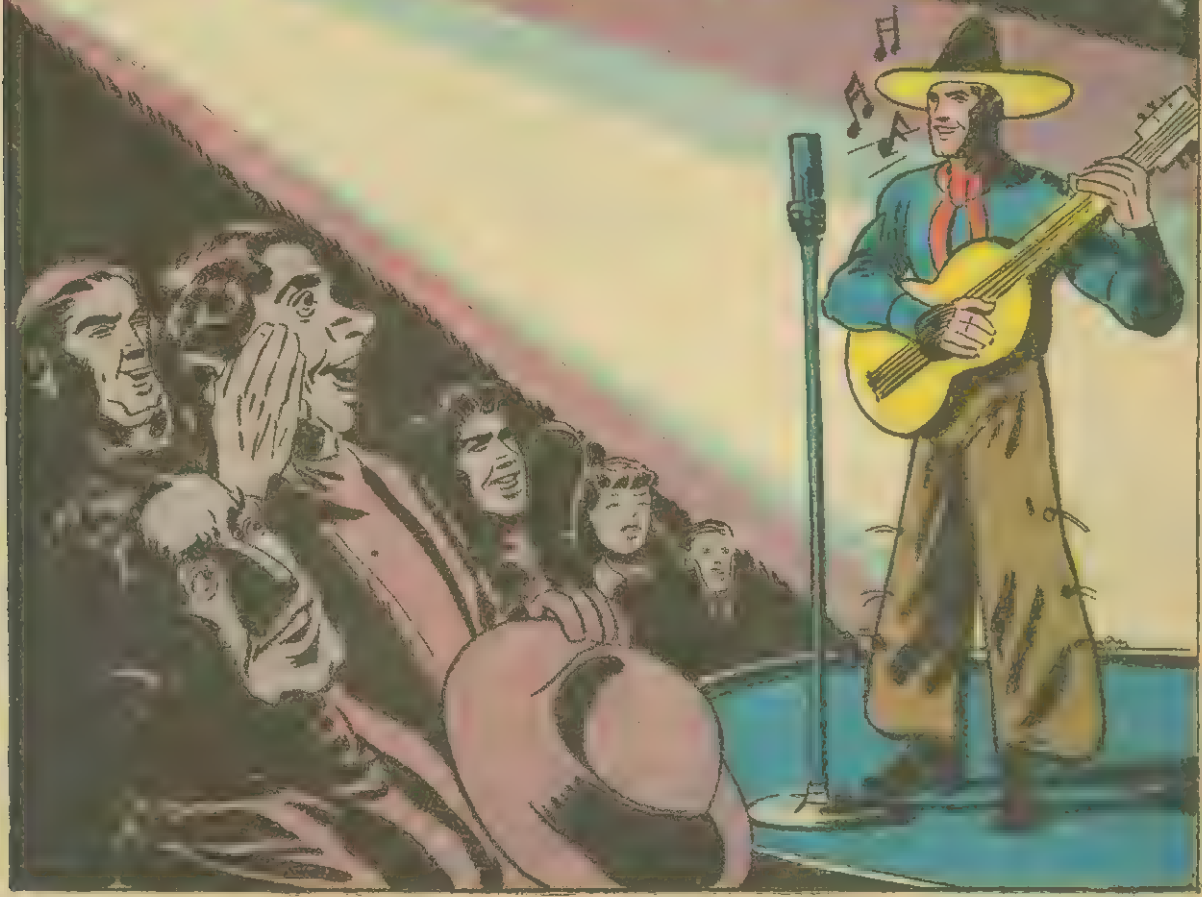
Fifteen minutes later, the trussed up badmen were lying on a dirt road leading out of town. And on his horse, singing happily, rode Quintesa Doba, strumming his guitar as he sang. As he had said to his friends, the Bells, always Quintesa Doba had to ride.

And these little incidents gave zest to life, and spread the name and fame of Quintesa Doba, the Robin Hood of the Plains, whose friends were many and whose enemies were lawbreakers and bullies.

# VIGILANTE

NO SWOON CROONER IS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, SINGER OF STIRRING BALLADS OF THE OLD WEST. BUT, ONE EVENTFUL DAY, BOBBY-SOX LEGIONS SWOON FROM COAST TO COAST AS HIS VOICE GOES ON THE AIR. BUT, THE FREAK ACCIDENT THAT MAKES THE TROUBADOUR A CROONING RIVAL OF BING THINATRA TURNS INTO A BLESSING IN DISGUISE WHEN THE VIGILANTE AND THE CHINATOWN KID MEET THE ROPE RAIDERS, THOSE RENEGADE RUSTLERS FROM THE RANGE COUNTRY, WHO COME EAST TO GIVE THE CITY SLICKERS A TASTE OF SOME FANCY ROPEWORK— AND END UP SHRILLING A—

## "SWAN SONG FOR OUTLAWS!"



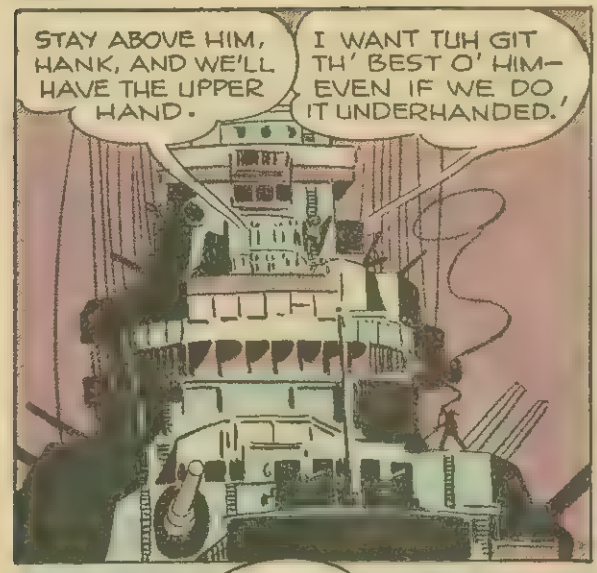

RADIO ENGINEERS MODULATE THE BARITONE VOICE OF GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, DURING HIS DAILY BROADCAST...
AS I ROAM FAR FROM HOME, 'NEATH A PRAIRIE MOON...
HOW'S THAT?
OKAY. AFTER ALL, HE'S NO OPERA STAR!
BUT THERE'S NO WAY OF MODULATING THIS SOUND!
IN A LAND WHERE A MAN CAN—
SQUAW-W-W-K!
OOPS! NOW I'VE DONE IT! BROKE A TUBE!
THE SPONSOR WILL RAISE THE ROOF ABOUT THIS!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE TUBE DIDN'T BREAK!
IT'S BETTER THAN EVER! LISTEN TO THAT SOULFUL QUAVER—CAUSED BY VIBRATION IN THE TUBE!
ALL MY DREAMS TURN, IT SEEMS, TO...
AT THAT MOMENT, IN A SWING-AND-SODA BAR NEAR A GIRLS' SCHOOL...
—WE'LL RIDE SIDE BY SIDE ON A WESTERN HONEYMOON!
I CAN'T GET THINATRA—BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS?
IT'S GROOVY!
WHO IS IT?
HUB A-HUBA!
AND, ACROSS THE NATION, AN ACCIDENT OF ELECTRONICS SETS SWING FANS SWOONING!
LITTLE GAL, I'LL BE TRUE...
GEE, EGBERT, WHY CAN'T YOU BE THAT ROMANTIC?
AW, HECK!
LONG AS ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO...
GREAT CAESAR, THEY'RE OUT COLD! I'D BETTER GET A DOCTOR!
LONG AS PRAIRIE SKIES ARE BLUE...
HE'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!
I COULD LISTEN FOREVER!
2

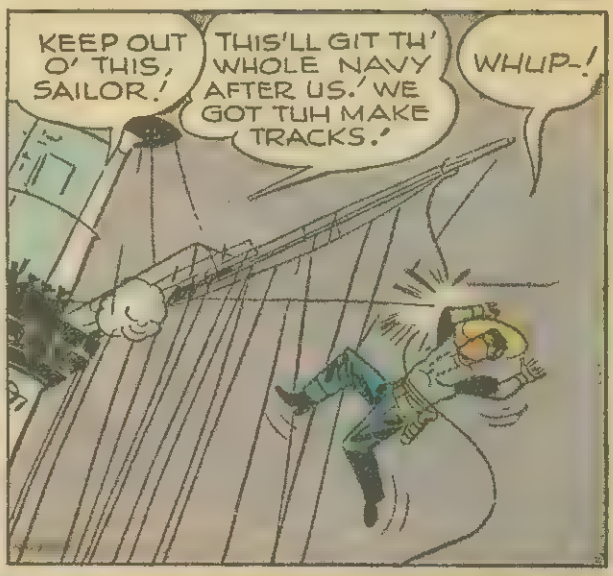

TIME MARCHES ON... BUT THE CHINATOWN KID DOES NOT LIKE WHAT IT BRINGS.'
YA OUGHTTA HANG YOUR HEAD IN SHAME.'
CAN I HELP IT, STUFF, IF THE KIDS GO CRAZY - AND HEADLINE HOPKINS, MY PRESS AGENT, MAKES THE BEST OF IT?
BOBBY SOXERS CROWN NEW KING OF SWOON
CROONING COWBOY CAPTURES HEARTS OF HEP-CATS.
YOU - A TWO-FISTED SADDLE-BUSTIN' BUCKAROO - TURNIN' CROONER!
GREAT PUBLICITY, P.T.! NOW-HERE'S HOW WE'LL CASH IN ON IT -
PSTT! HERE'S HOPKINS!
TONIGHT, YOU SING AT THE BACKSTAGE BENEFIT, RITZIEST SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR.'
NOW YOU'RE IN SOCIETY.' WHAT NEXT?
LOOK, HOPKINS.' MY SINGING'S NO DIFFERENT THAN IT ALWAYS WAS.' WHAT HAPPENED?
WE FINALLY FOUND OUT. THAT DAMAGED AMPLIFICATION TUBE GIVES YOUR VOICE A THROB IT NORMALLY DOESN'T HAVE.'
WHAT!
HA, HA! SO HE BUSTS HEARTS WITH A BUSTED RADIO TUBE!
OKAY.' I'LL OPEN THE BENEFIT SHOW, BUT NO MORE SWOON BUILD-UP.' I'M A BRONC BUSTER, NOT A HEART-BREAKER!
HMM... A HE-MAN PUBLICITY STUNT WOULDN'T HURT AT THAT.'
I KNOW.' WE'LL HIRE THE VIGILANTE TO CATCH THE ROPE RAIDERS AND LET YOU TAKE THE CREDIT.'
NO.' I WON'T DO IT.' NOR WOULD THE VIGILANTE.'

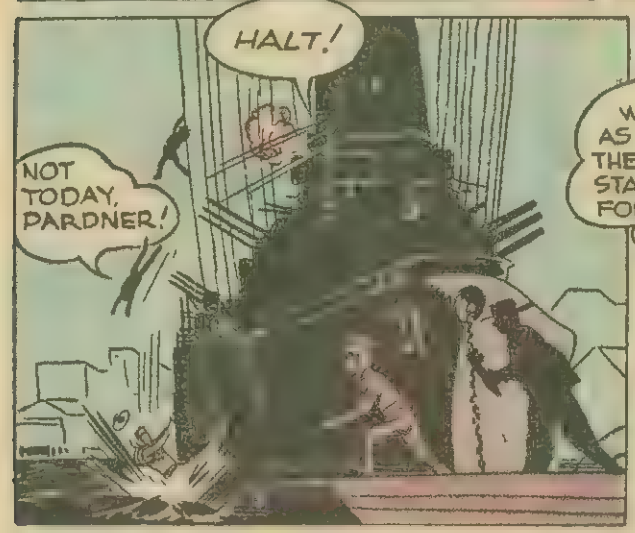

WHO ARE THE ROPE RAIDERS ? LET'S TURN TIME BACK-WARD A BIT AND VIEW THE LAST STAND OF THE WEST'S WORST BAND OF CATTLE-RUSTLERS ...
WE'RE CORNERED BY THE SHERIFF'S POSSE! TH' BRIDGE IS GONE, THE CANYON'S TOO WIDE TUH JUMP.' I'M GIVIN' UP.'
NOT ME! I'D RUTHER BUST MY NECK HERE THAN AT A NECKTIE PARTY!'
I'M WITH YUH, TOMB-STONE JAKE.'
AND HERE WE SEE ONE OF THE AMAZING ROPE FEATS THAT WILL SOON WIN NEW FAME FOR THE OUTLAWS!
LAY YORE BETS, GENTS.'
HE'S A GONER!
AFTER YOU, TOMB-STONE!
IF YUH CAN MAKE IT, HARDPAN HANK, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!
LATER, IN A NEARBY TOWN...
THESE PARTS IS TOO HOT, BOYS! LET'S GIT.'
LET'S HEAD EAST-AND GIVE THEM YANKEES A TASTE O' OUR ROPES.'
GILA GULCH GAZ.
POSSE NABS 3 RUSTLERS! 2 BREAK NECKS IN FALL! 3 MAKE DARING GETAWAY!
LATER-POLICE OF AN EASTERN CITY ARE BE-WILDERED BY A SERIES OF UNUSUAL CRIMES ...
THESE SILVER FOXES ARE WORTH MORE'N THE COYOTES WE USED TUH SHOOT!
BANG! BANG!
4

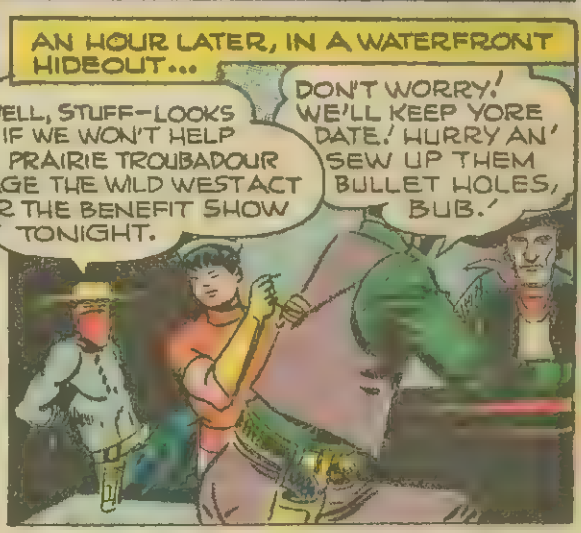

IT'S TODAY, AGAIN—AND THE ROPE RAIDERS HAVE NOOSED A BANK MESSENGER!
CLIMB IN, PARD, AN' RIDE A PIECE WITH US.!
HEY.!
THEN, FATE INTRODUCES THE ROPE RAIDERS TO THE VIGILANTE.!
HEY, P.T., LOOK—WE'RE RUNNING INTO ACTION!
I RECKON SO, PARDNER! GRAB THE WHEEL WHILE I SHIFT TO MY VIGILANTE GEAR!
AN INSTANT LATER...
HOLD ON; YOU SIDEWINDERS!
SWING ME, IF IT AIN'T THE VIGILANTE!
PULL UP AN' STOP FOLLERIN' US OR WE'LL DROWN YUH!
WHAT-?
I'LL GET YA FOR THAT, YA LUG!
YA HURT, VIG?
NO, STUFF- BUT WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THEM.! THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE HARBOR!
FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS, THE OUTLAWS EMBARK UPON THEIR MOST DARING RAID SO FAR.!
WE GOT TH' MONEY AN' WE WHIPPED TH' VIGILANTE! NOTHIN' CAN STOP US NOW!
SAVE YORE BRAGGIN' TILL WE HEIST TH' PAYROLL FROM THAT SEAGOIN' FORT!
5


PAYDAY ON A U.S. BATTLESHIP—BUT NO ONE WOULD BE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO SNATCH THIS PAYROLL! OR WOULD HE?
THERE'S THE HOMBRES WITH THE PAYROLL!
HANK AN' ME WILL BE THERE AND GONE AFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S POPPIN'!
GRAB AT THE SKY, PARDS!
I'M SIDIN', YUH, PETE!
HUH-?
BUT A TINY CRAFT SKIMS TO THE RESCUE! THE VIGILANTE—AND HIS AQUACYCLE...
GREAT GUNS! IMAGINE HOLDING UP A BATTLESHIP!
THEY GROW BIG IDEAS OUT WEST!
STOP THE CYCLE AND JOIN THE PARTY, STUFF!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, VIG!
HOLD THE VARMINT, STUFF, WHILE I GET ME A BRACE OF BUZZARDS!
ALWAYS LEAVIN' TU' DULL WORK TO ME.'
VIGILANTE.' THOSE GUYS TOSSED OUR GUNS OVERBOARD.'
I DID THE SAME WITH THEIRS.' WE'LL BRING 'EM DOWN WITHOUT GUNS.'


STAY ABOVE HIM, HANK, AND WE'LL HAVE THE UPPER HAND.
I WANT TUH GIT TH' BEST O' HIM— EVEN IF WE DO IT UNDERHANDED.'

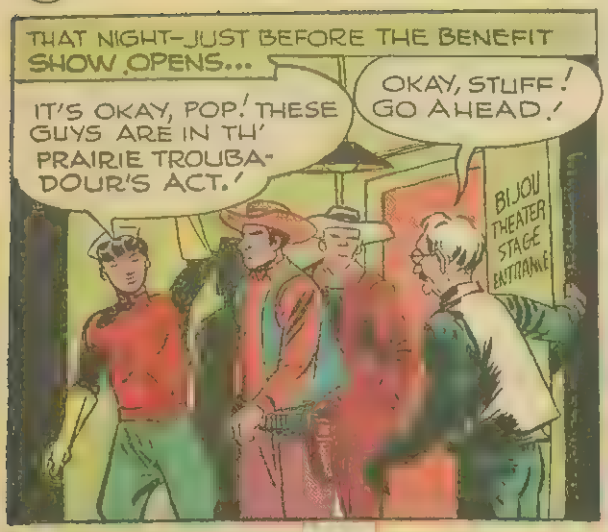

KEEP OUT O' THIS, SAILOR.'
THIS'LL GIT TH' WHOLE NAVY AFTER US.' WE GOT TUH MAKE TRACKS.'
WHUP-!

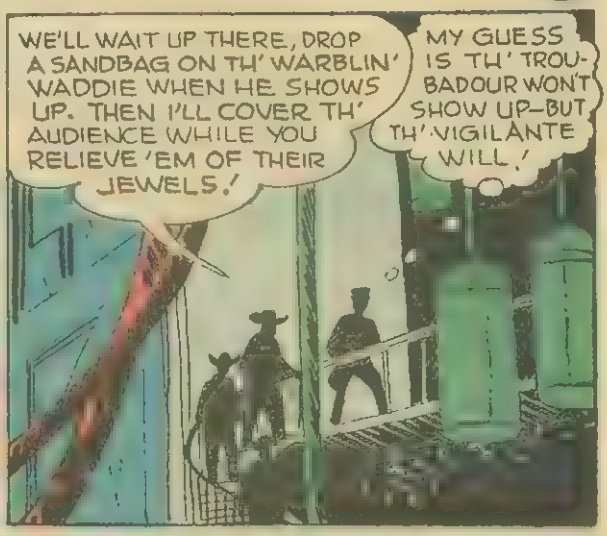

HALT.'
NOT TODAY, PARDNER!

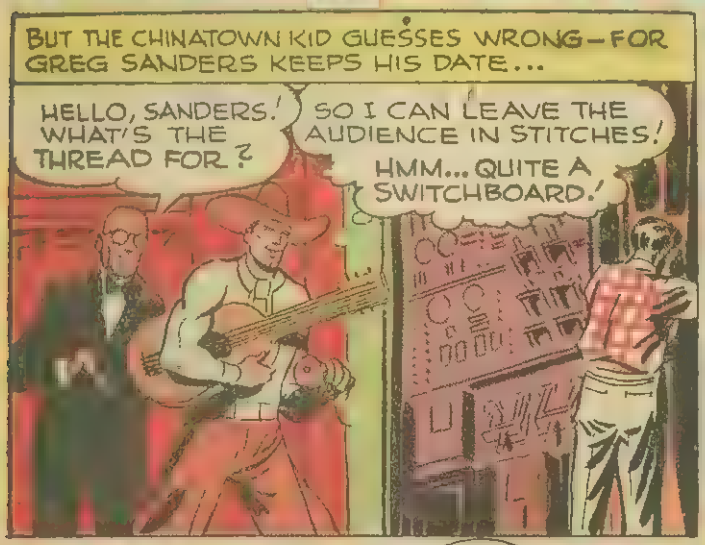

AN HOUR LATER, IN A WATERFRONT HIDEOUT...
WELL, STUFF—LOOKS AS IF WE WON'T HELP THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR STAGE THE WILD WEST ACT FOR THE BENEFIT SHOW TONIGHT.
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL KEEP YORE DATE.' HURRY AN' SEW UP THEM BULLET HOLES, BUB.'

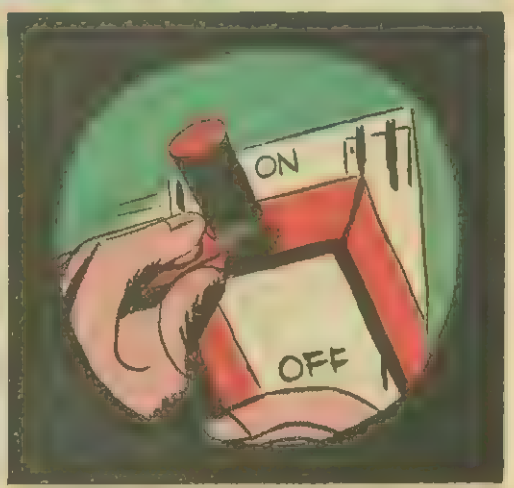

THERE'LL BE PLENTY JEWELS AT THAT SOCIETY BENEFIT SHOW—AN' THE KID CAN GET US IN.'
I WON'T DO IT— UNLESS YOU LET ME SEW TH' RIP IN VIG'S SHIRT, TOO.'

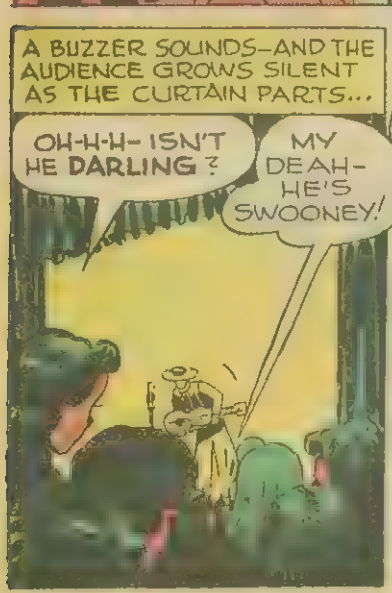

OKAY. BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY.'
YEP.' THE ROPE RAIDERS WILL PUT ON A REAL WILD WEST SHOW FOR THEM SOCIETY DUDES.'
NYLON
0


THAT NIGHT—JUST BEFORE THE BENEFIT SHOW OPENS...
IT'S OKAY, POP! THESE GUYS ARE IN TH' PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S ACT.'
OKAY, STUFF! GO AHEAD.'
BIJOU THEATER STAGE ENTRANCE

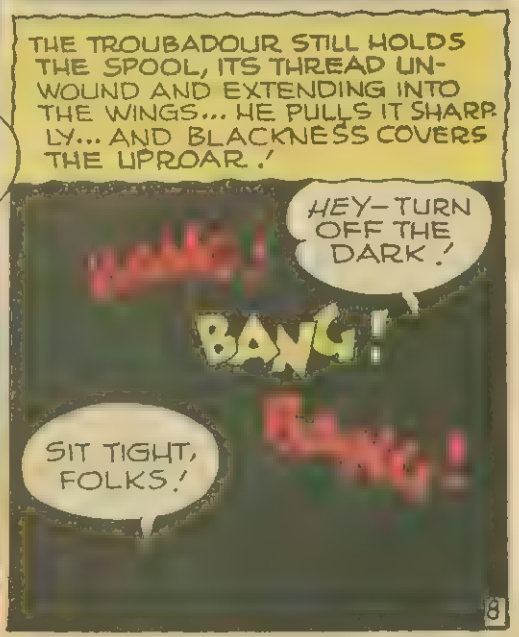

WE'LL WAIT UP THERE, DROP A SANDBAG ON TH' WARBLIN' WADDIE WHEN HE SHOWS UP. THEN I'LL COVER TH' AUDIENCE WHILE YOU RELIEVE 'EM OF THEIR JEWELS.'
MY GUESS IS TH' TROUBADOUR WON'T SHOW UP—BUT TH' VIGILANTE WILL.'

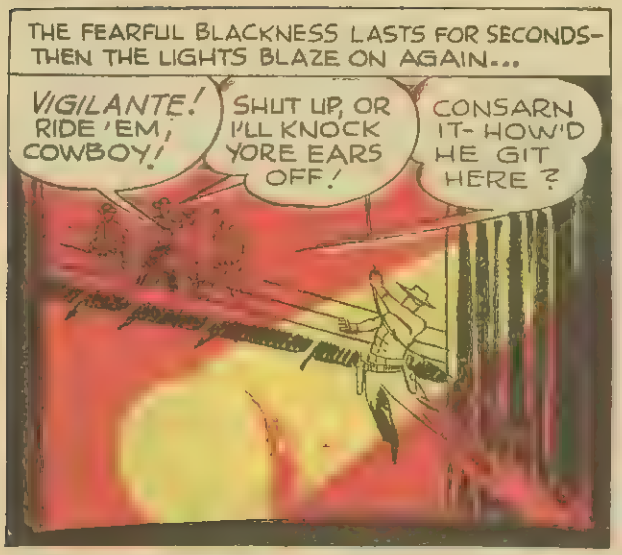

BUT THE CHINATOWN KID GUESSES WRONG—FOR GREG SANDERS KEEPS HIS DATE...
HELLO, SANDERS.' WHAT'S THE THREAD FOR?
SO I CAN LEAVE THE AUDIENCE IN STITCHES!
HMM... QUITE A SWITCHBOARD.'

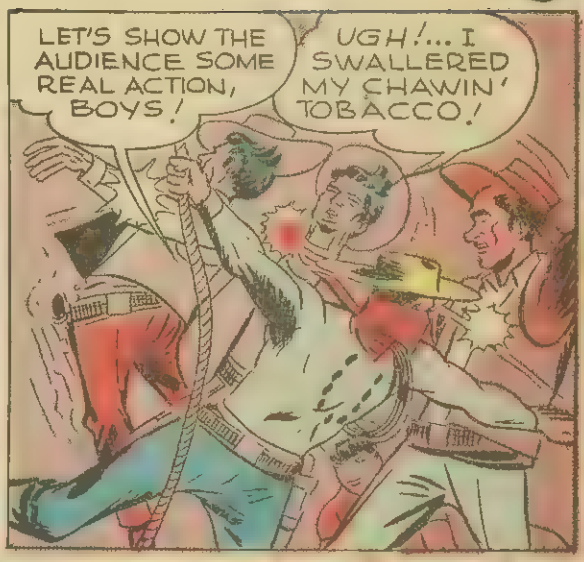

ON
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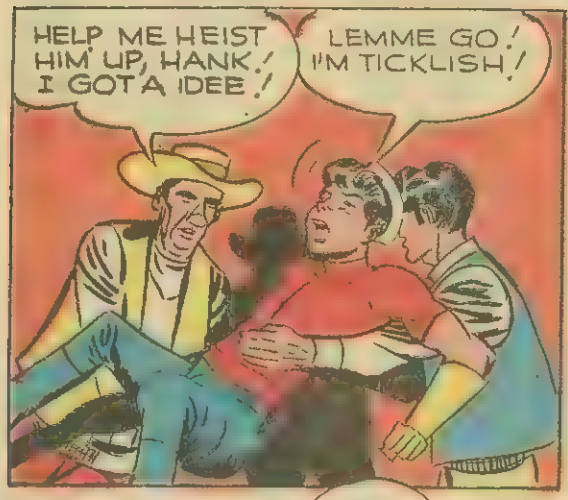

A BUZZER SOUNDS—AND THE AUDIENCE GROWS SILENT AS THE CURTAIN PARTS...
OH-H-H- ISN'T HE DARLING?
MY DEAH- HE'S SWOONEY!

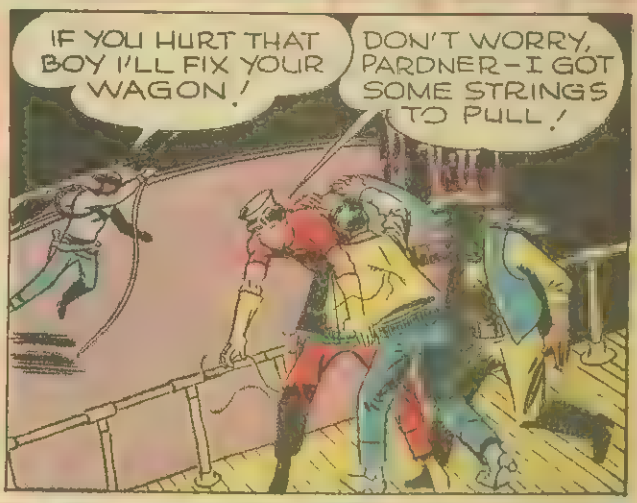

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS PROGRAM MAY BE INTERRUPTED—
HEADS UP, P.T.!

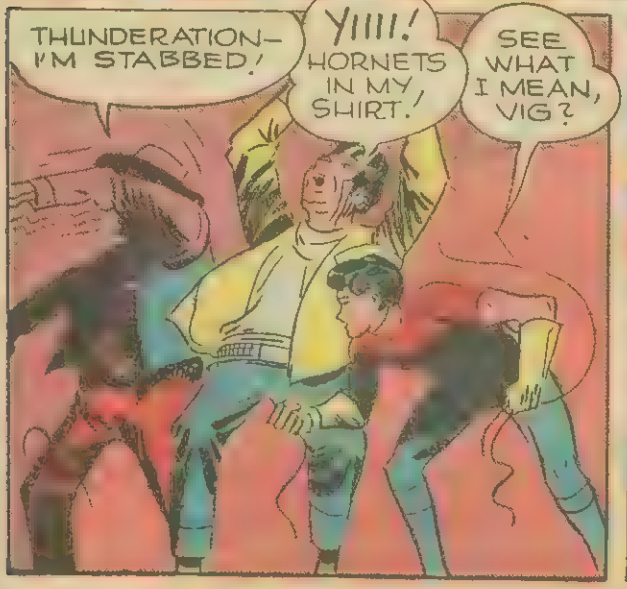

THE TROUBADOUR STILL HOLDS THE SPOOL, ITS THREAD UNWOUND AND EXTENDING INTO THE WINGS... HE PULLS IT SHARPLY... AND BLACKNESS COVERS THE UPROAR.'
HEY—TURN OFF THE DARK.'
BANG!
SIT TIGHT, FOLKS!

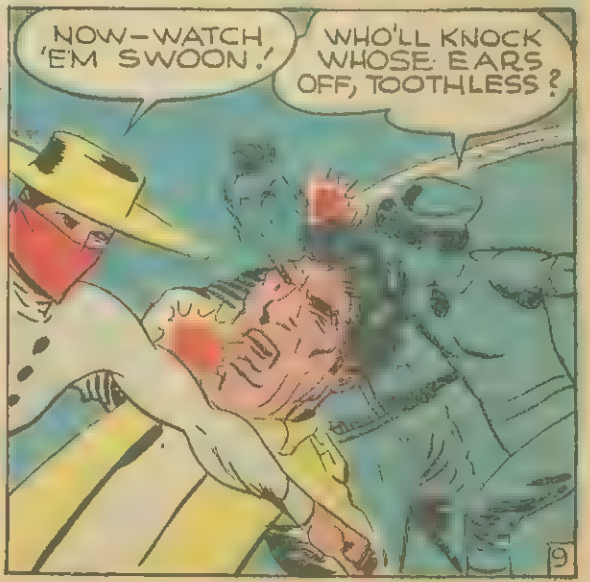

THE FEARFUL BLACKNESS LASTS FOR SECONDS— THEN THE LIGHTS BLAZE ON AGAIN...
VIGILANTE! RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!
SHUT UP, OR I'LL KNOCK YORE EARS OFF!
CONSARN IT- HOW'D HE GIT HERE?


LET'S SHOW THE AUDIENCE SOME REAL ACTION, BOYS!
UGH!... I SWALLERED MY CHAWIN' TOBACCO!


HELP ME HEIST HIM UP, HANK! I GOT A IDEE!
LEMME GO! I'M TICKLISH!


IF YOU HURT THAT BOY I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON!
DON'T WORRY, PARDNER—I GOT SOME STRINGS TO PULL!

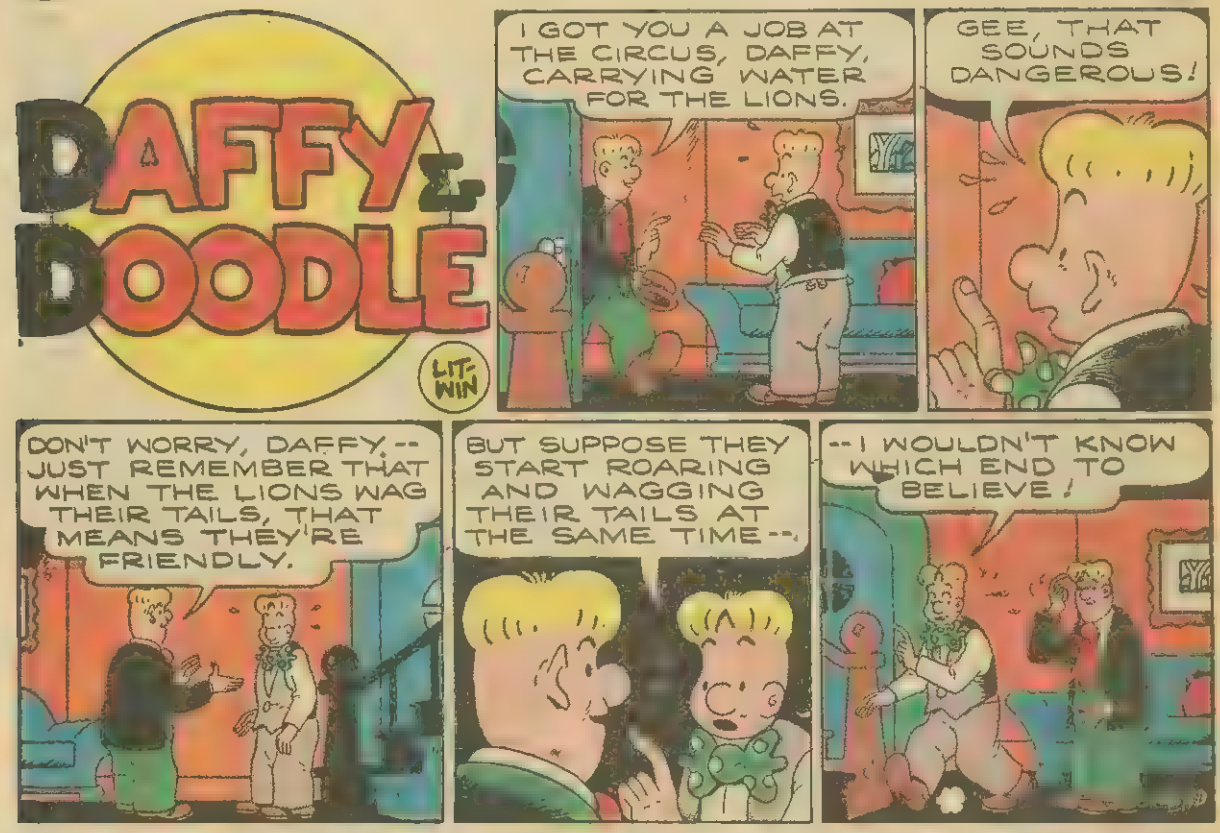

THUNDERATION— I'M STABBED!
YIIII! HORNETS IN MY SHIRT!
SEE WHAT I MEAN, VIG?


NOW—WATCH 'EM SWOON!
WHO'LL KNOCK WHOSE EARS OFF, TOOTHLESS?


NICE WORK, STUFF, SEWING MY SHIRT TO THE ROPE SO THAT I COULD UNTIE THE KNOT BY PULLING ON IT!
BUT THE SEWING JOB I DID ON THOSE ROPE RAIDERS WAS THE HONEY!
I SEWED NEEDLES INSIDE THEIR VESTS AND PANTS, WHEN I WAS DARNING THE HOLES, AND FIXED THEM SO THAT THE NEEDLES DUG IN WHEN I PULLED THE THREAD!
ROPE RAIDERS LASSOED BY THREAD! SOME GAG!
WAIT, VIGILANTE! I'LL MAKE YOU A VERY ATTRACTIVE OFFER!
WRITE ME A LETTER, STRANGER!
NEXT MOMENT...
IS IT SAFE TO SHOW MYSELF?
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT THE SWOON-TUNED TUBE IS BROKEN, WITHOUT HAVING YOUR PUBLIC SEE YOU LIKE THIS!
THE SHOW GOES ON!
OH, THEY TIED THEIR HOPES TO HEMPEN ROPES, AND BACKED THEM UP WITH LEAD, BUT VIG AND STUFF WERE TOUGH ENOUGH TO SEW THEM UP WITH THREAD.'
WHAT A GRAND VOICE!
SO STRONG AND MANLY!
THE FOLLOWING DAY...
BIGGEST BATCH OF FAN MAIL I EVER GOT—AND EVERY LETTER BEGS ME NOT TO TURN INTO A SWOON SINGER!
WELL, IT WAS GOOD PUBLICITY!
HERE'S ONE FROM BING THINATRA!
THE END

# DAFFY & DOODLE

LIT-WIN

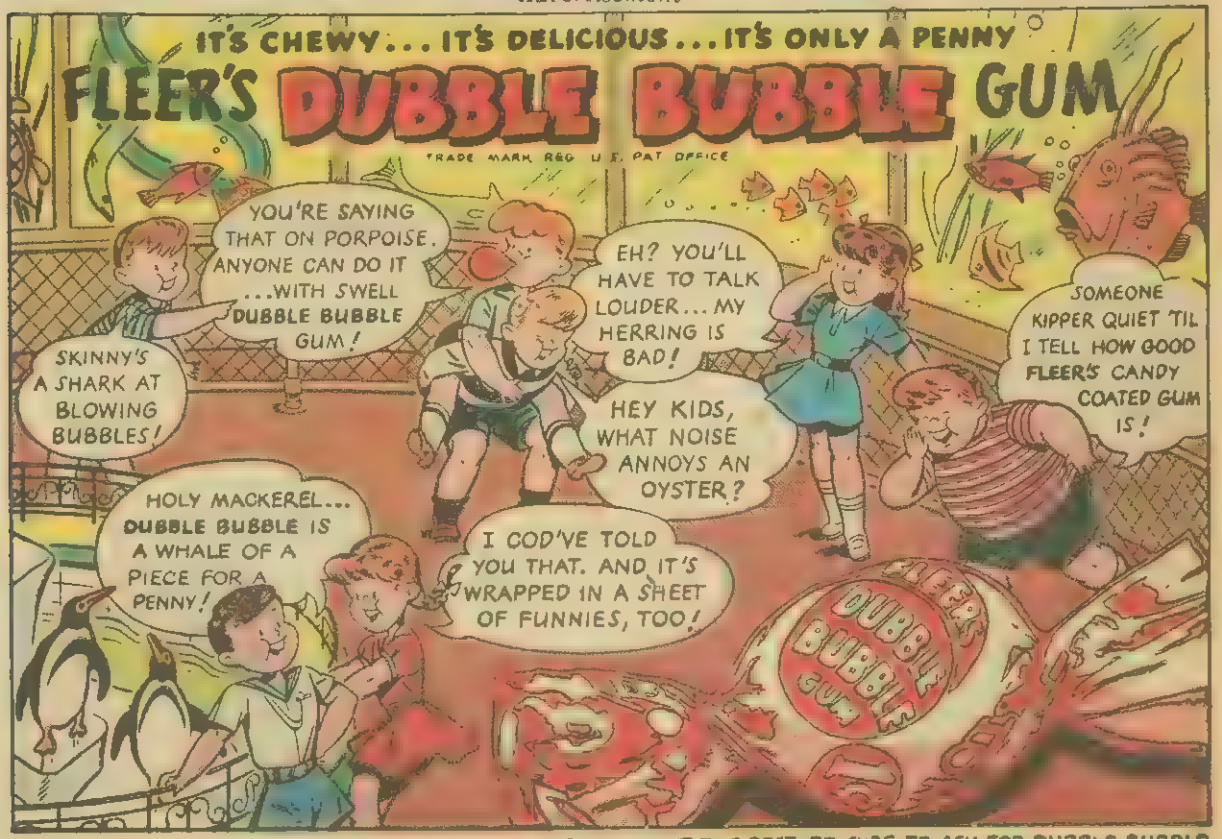



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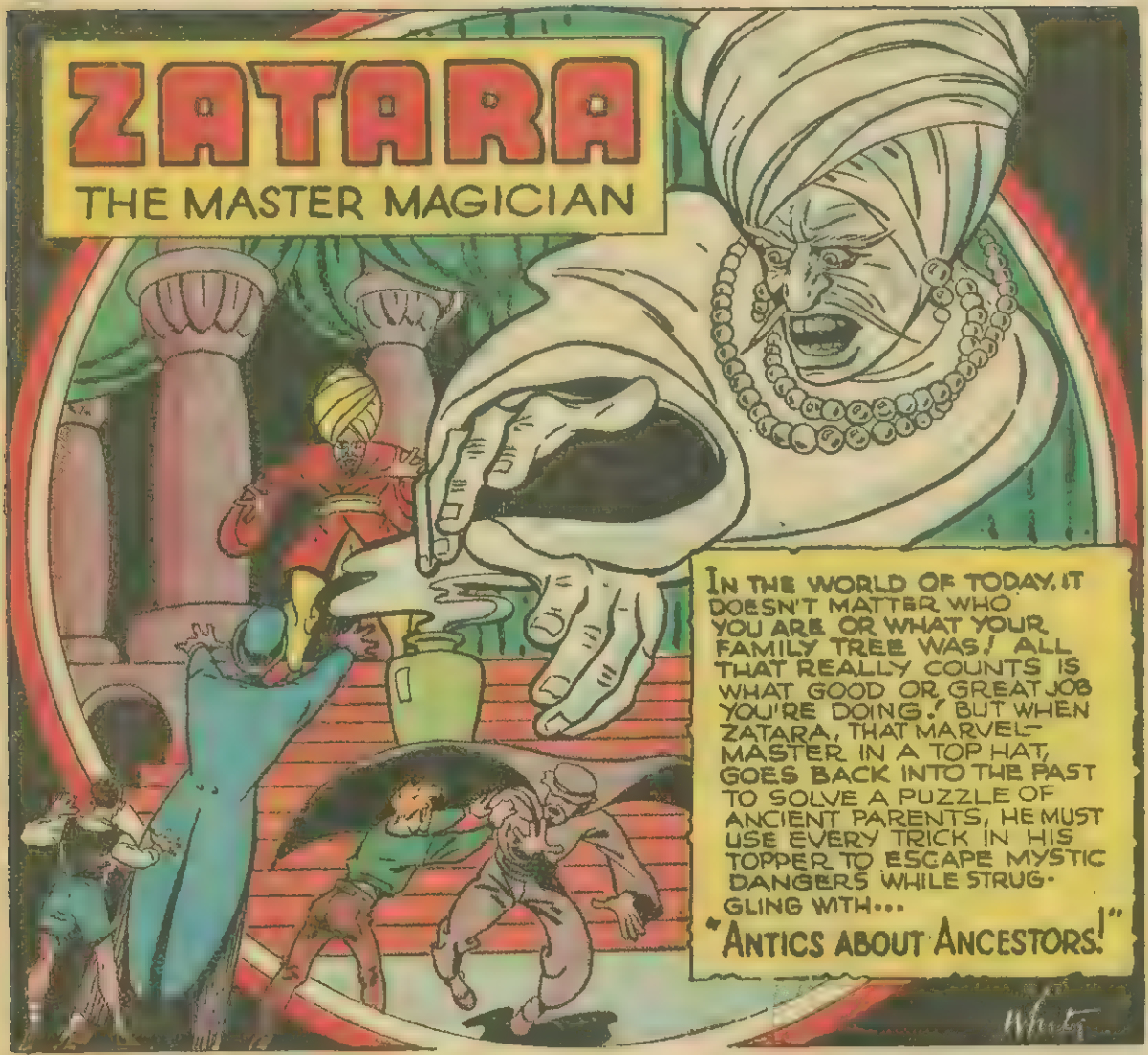
IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

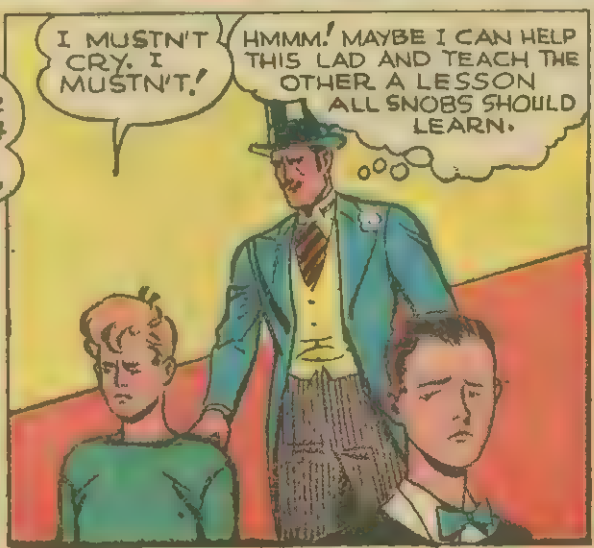
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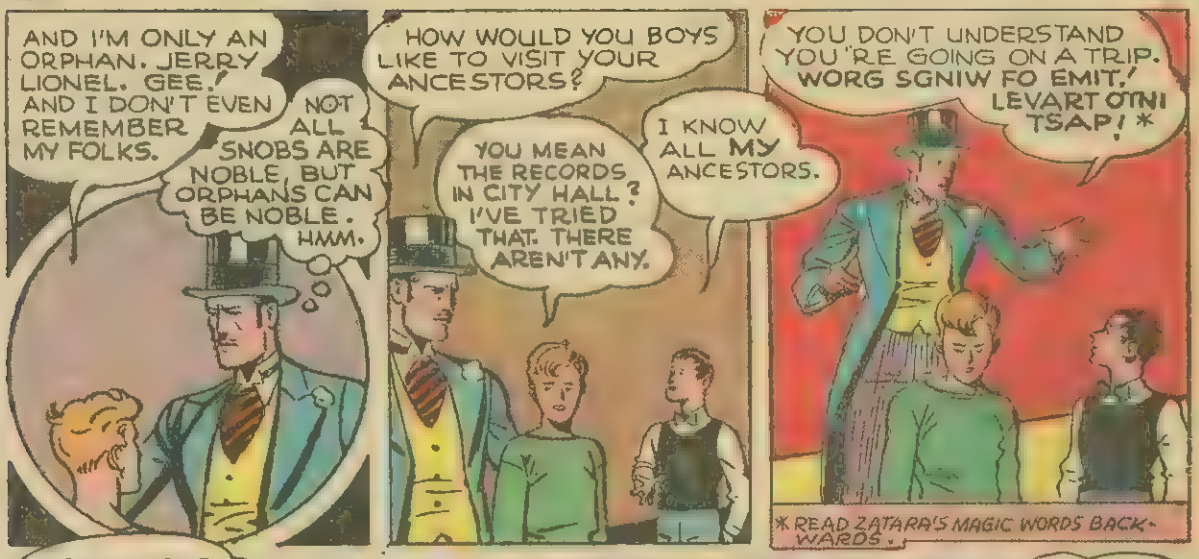


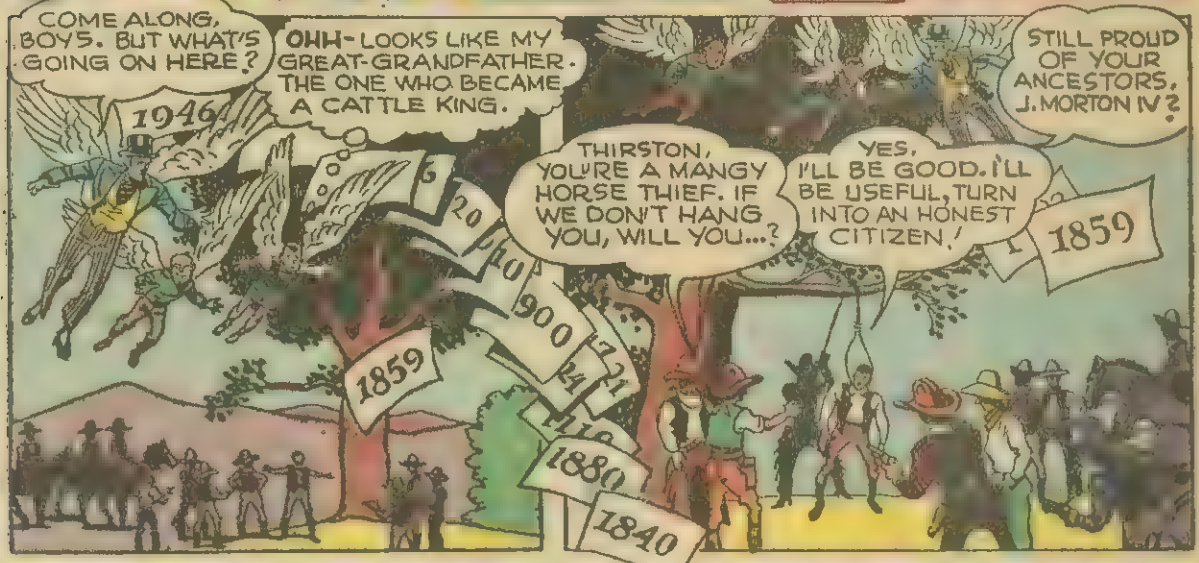

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

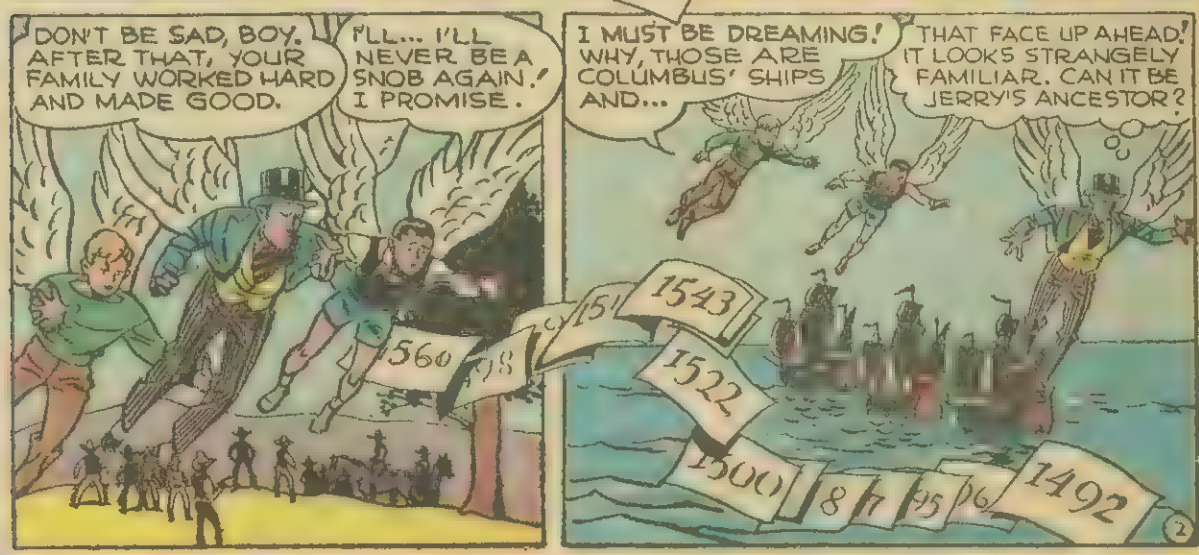

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
IN THE WORLD OF TODAY, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO YOU ARE OR WHAT YOUR FAMILY TREE WAS! ALL THAT REALLY COUNTS IS WHAT GOOD OR GREAT JOB YOU'RE DOING! BUT WHEN ZATARA, THAT MARVEL-MASTER IN A TOP HAT, GOES BACK INTO THE PAST TO SOLVE A PUZZLE OF ANCIENT PARENTS, HE MUST USE EVERY TRICK IN HIS TOPPER TO ESCAPE MYSTIC DANGERS WHILE STRUGGLING WITH...
"ANTICS ABOUT ANCESTORS!"


ON THE CITY STREET, A SNOB HAS JUST HURT A CHILD'S FEELINGS...
MY NAME'S NOT AS LONG AS YOURS, BUT WON'T YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME?
WITH AN ORPHAN? JUST AN ORPHAN? WHY, I'M J. MORTON THIRSTON, IV!


I MUSTN'T CRY. I MUSTN'T!
HMMM! MAYBE I CAN HELP THIS LAD AND TEACH THE OTHER A LESSON ALL SNOBS SHOULD LEARN.

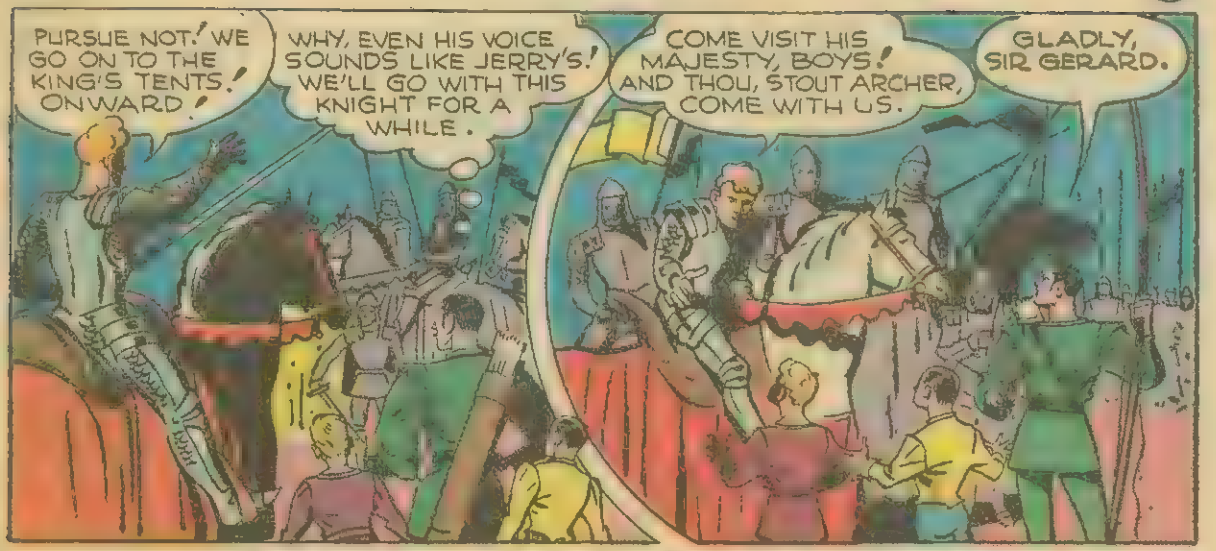

AND I'M ONLY AN ORPHAN. JERRY LIONEL. GEE! AND I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER MY FOLKS.
NOT ALL SNOBS ARE NOBLE, BUT ORPHANS CAN BE NOBLE. HMM.
HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO VISIT YOUR ANCESTORS?
YOU MEAN THE RECORDS IN CITY HALL? I'VE TRIED THAT. THERE AREN'T ANY.
I KNOW ALL MY ANCESTORS.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU'RE GOING ON A TRIP. WORG SGNIW FO EMIT.' LEVART OTNI TSAP! *
* READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

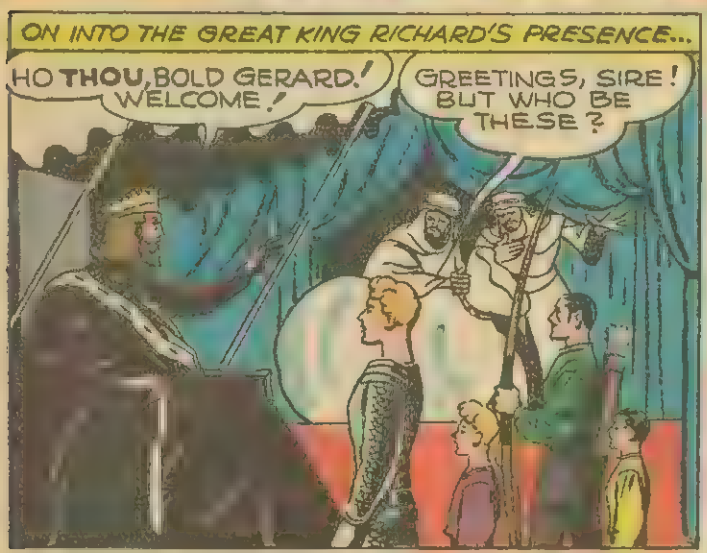

COME ALONG, BOYS. BUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
OHH- LOOKS LIKE MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER. THE ONE WHO BECAME A CATTLE KING.
1946
1859
STILL PROUD OF YOUR ANCESTORS, J. MORTON IV?
THIRSTON, YOU'RE A MANGY HORSE THIEF. IF WE DON'T HANG YOU, WILL YOU...?
YES, I'LL BE GOOD. I'LL BE USEFUL, TURN INTO AN HONEST CITIZEN.'
1859
1880
1840


DON'T BE SAD, BOY. AFTER THAT, YOUR FAMILY WORKED HARD AND MADE GOOD.
I'LL... I'LL NEVER BE A SNOB AGAIN.' I PROMISE.
I MUST BE DREAMING! WHY, THOSE ARE COLUMBUS' SHIPS AND...
THAT FACE UP AHEAD! IT LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR. CAN IT BE JERRY'S ANCESTOR?
1543
1522
1492
2


WHY, THAT KNIGHT MIGHT REALLY BE JERRY'S FATHER, THEY'RE SO ALIKE.' MAYBE OUR SEARCH IS OVER.
LLAF OTNI RAEY 0911!
I'VE OFTEN DREAMED ABOUT YOU, ZATARA, BUT NEVER SO PLAINLY AS THIS.'
MAYBE IT IS A DREAM, JERRY. BUT OUR CLOTHES AND SPEECH DON'T FIT THE YEAR WE'RE IN NOW.
ARATAZ EB HSILGNE REHCRA! SYOB, EB EGAP-SYOB! EGNAHC!
GOOD SIRRAH, 'TIS CHANGED INDEED WE ARE!
GREETINGS, SIR KNIGHT! WE SEEK THY GRACIOUS PROTECTION!
GLADLY, BOLD SIR! YONDER YOUTH MAY BE THE VERY SON I LEFT IN LONDON TOWN WHEN I CAME TO BATTLE IN KING RICHARD'S CRUSADE.
DREAM OR NOT, 'TIS INDEED THE YEAR 1190.
NOW, MIGHT I HUMBLY ASK THY NAME, BRAVE SIR?
IF IT'S LIONEL, THEN THIS IS JERRY'S ANCESTOR!
CAN JERRY'S FAMILY HAVE BEEN NOBLES? GOSH!
3


TENSELY AWAITING THE NAME THAT MAY FIND A FAMILY TO END AN ORPHAN'S TEARS...
MEN CALL ME GERARD OF THE MAILED FIST. AND THOU AND THAT YOUTH?
ONLY ZATARA AND GERALD, SIRE, WHO BOTH WISH YOU WELL.
OHH... I'M ALMOST SORRY FOR YOU, JERRY.
THEN MAYEST JOURNEY SAFELY WITH US. ON TO CAMP, MEN!
YET, THAT FACE, THE EYES! ALL JERRY'S! BUT THE NAMES DON'T MATCH. STILL...
SUDDENLY...
THE ENEMY! A SURPRISE ATTACK!
DISMOUNT! FIGHT ON FOOT! USE THY BOW WELL, SIRRAH!
YES, BECAUSE I MUST PROTECT JERRY. SWORRA EB SATAERG SDNAH.! HSUP.!
BACK.! BACK.!
AND WE'LL DO NO HARM IF YOU LEAVE!
THEY TURN.! THEY TURN AS IF SWEPT BY THE WIND.! THOU DOST A GOOD BOW SHOOT, ZATARA!
4


PURSUE NOT! WE GO ON TO THE KING'S TENTS! ONWARD!
WHY, EVEN HIS VOICE SOUNDS LIKE JERRY'S! WE'LL GO WITH THIS KNIGHT FOR A WHILE.
COME VISIT HIS MAJESTY, BOYS! AND THOU, STOUT ARCHER, COME WITH US.
GLADLY, SIR GERARD.


ON INTO THE GREAT KING RICHARD'S PRESENCE...
HO THOU, BOLD GERARD! WELCOME!
GREETINGS, SIRE! BUT WHO BE THESE?


BUT SOME NATIVES WHO DO SAY THEY BEAR KINGLY GIFTS.
INDEED, MASTERS AND SIRES, WE DO!


HERE, 'TIS A KING OF BEASTS! A LION FOR A LION KING!
TREASON! TREASON! PROTECT KING RICHARD!
5

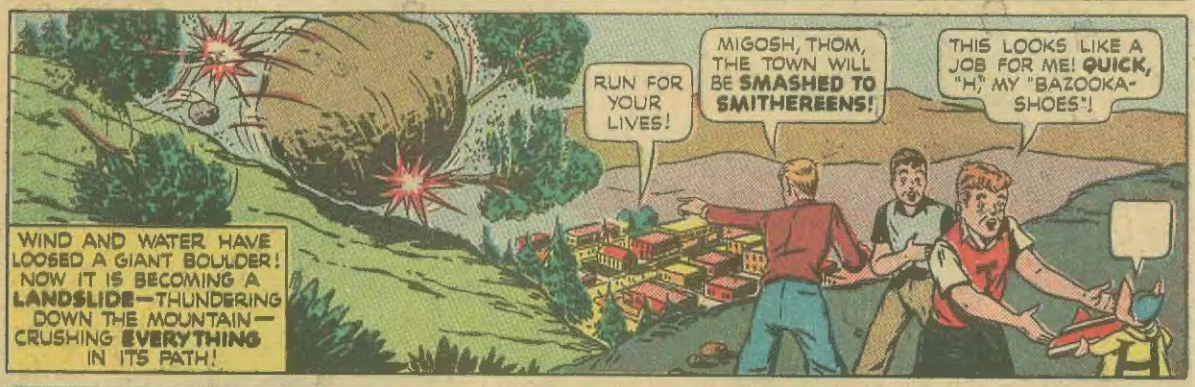

I STILL BEAR SWORD AND MAIL! STAND BACK!
MAYBE MY MAGIC CAN HELP!
GERARD LUNGES, AND...

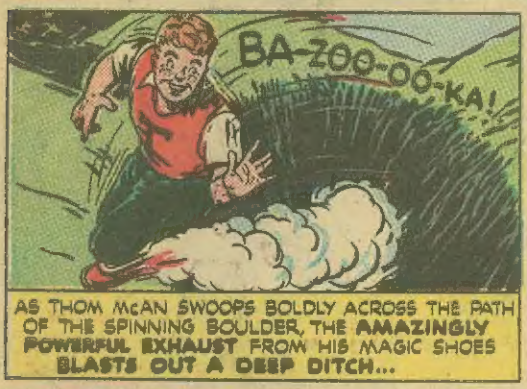

SO DIE ALL RICHARD'S ENEMIES!
AND EVEN BEFORE I COULD SAY ANY MAGIC WORDS!
SUDDENLY, ZATARA IS AGAIN REMINDED OF THE QUEST FOR ORPHAN JERRY'S NAME.
KNEEL, SIR GERARD! THIS DAY SHALT THOU CHANGE THY NAME AND FORTUNE!
CHANGE HIS NAME? MAYBE IT'S JERRY'S ANCESTOR AFTER ALL!
RISE, GERARD LIONEL, EARL OF MANY LANDS I HERE DO GIVE! FAITHFUL AND COURAGEOUS EVER!
JERRY OR GERARD; THE SAME NAME! SIR GERARD LIONEL! OUR SEARCH FOR YOUR ANCESTOR IS ENDED!
PUZZLE ME NOT, THOU STRANGE ZATARA! BUT WHAT MEANS ALL THIS, AND THAT SORCERER THERE?
AN EASTERN MAGICIAN! AND EVIL TRICKS!
RISE, GENIE! SWALLOW THESE MEN!
TIME TO MATCH MY MAGIC WITH THE ANCIENTS!
EKAT YHT SRETSAM!


YOU MADE ME HUNGRY! NOW I MUST EAT!
YIIII!
LLA RAEPPASID!
I OBEY YOUR GREATER MAGIC, ZATARA!
I'LL TAKE HIM AND DROP HIM INTO A WELL! FULL OF COLD WATER!
ALL DID FADE AS SPENT SMOKE! THEN THOU'RT A MAGICIAN, TOO, AND...
BUT HARK! WHO CALLS THERE?
ATTACK! THE ENEMY APPROACHES!
MY HELMET AND MY CHARGER! PREPARE FOR BATTLE!
COME ON, JERRY! WE CAN'T INTERFERE WITH HISTORY!
THEN THE EARL GERARD IS MINE OWN KINSMAN AND I...
MAYBE I WAS ONCE A SNOB, BUT I'M GLAD FOR JERRY.


HERE'S WHERE WE INVENT THE CARPET TRICK EVERY FAIRY TALE WILL LATER TELL ABOUT.' TEPRAC YLF!
WELL DONE, MAGICIAN! GUARD WELL THAT COMELY LAD.'
FARE THEE WELL, KIND AND NOBLE SIR.'
YRREJ, NOTROM DNA ARATAZ EGNAHC KCAB!
I DO FEAR THOSE CLOUDS.'
ZATARA! YOU'RE YOURSELF AGAIN! BUT HOW DID WE..?
GET SET FOR A JOLT, JERRY.'
I'LL USE LIGHTNING TO PUSH US FASTER.' DEEPS OT TNESERP.' DNAL YLEFAS.'
AND SO...
AS YOU TALKED A MOMENT AGO, I MUST HAVE SHUT MY EYES.' I HAD A VISION OF AN ANCESTOR.' A NOBLE EARL WHO...
MAYBE ONLY A VISION, BOYS.' BUT SHOW NO PRIDE OF NAME OR WEALTH.' REJOICE THAT YOU ARE HONEST AND GOOD, AND WILL SOON GROW TO BE FREE MEN IN A FREE WORLD WHERE ALL ARE EQUAL.'
THE END

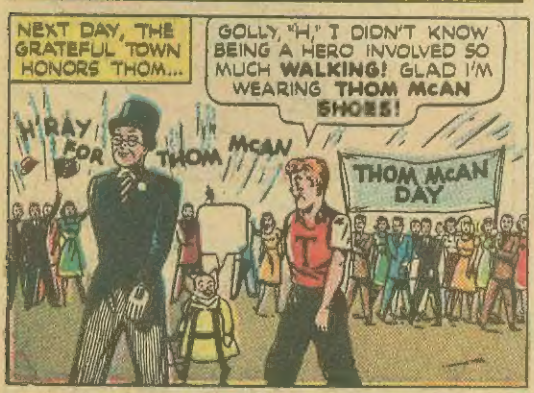
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# How to Outbluff a VICIOUS DOG at night!



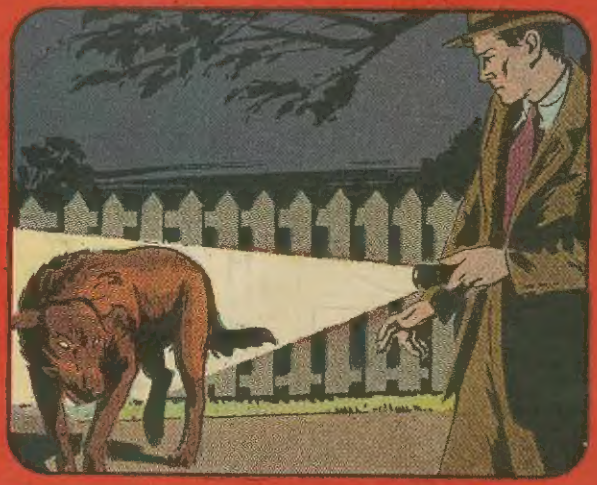
*. . . as recommended by Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker, Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog trainer and judge at dog shows . . . and wartime head of U. S. Coast Guard War Dog Training.*



**1** The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog *may* turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at *night!* If cornered—



**2** Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however; so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important . . .



**3** Keep still. Don't move. Don't run—it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won—he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

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